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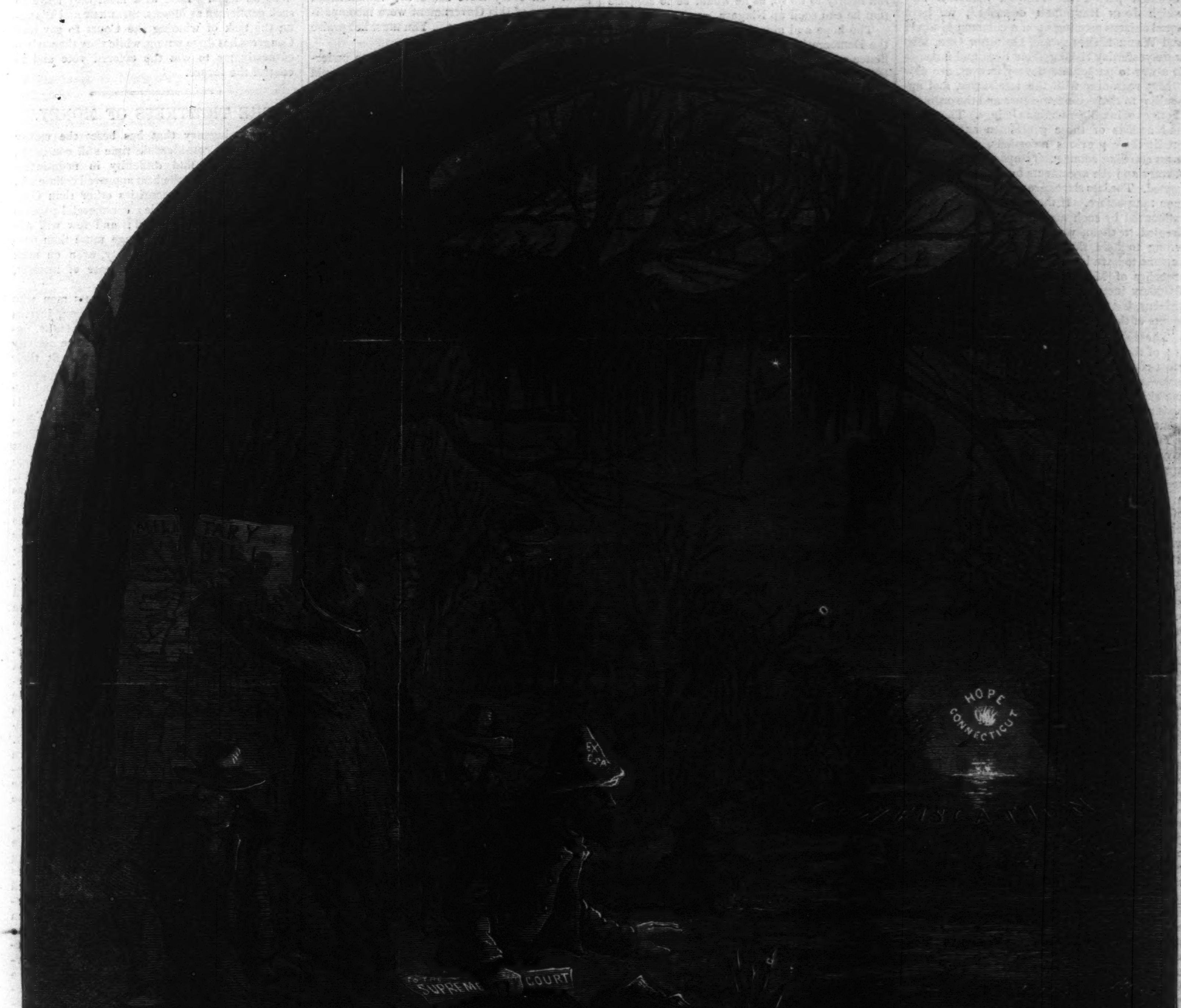

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 20, 1867.

THE NEW SOUTH.

THE most significant spectacle of the hour is that of the political meetings of white and colored citizens in the Southern States. So sudden and amazing a vindication of the radical policy was scarcely to be expected. That policy declared that if you would learn to swim you must jump into the water. If the late slaves were ever to enjoy equality of rights they must have every protection which all other citizens have, and the chief protection is the vote. Until they were voters the dominant class would have no interest in treating them fairly; and if the country would have peace and acquiescence and prosperity that interest must be created. It is done, and we see the result. Instead of the slave code, the barracoons, the auction block, the paddle, the nine o'clock bell, the mounted patrol, the lurking, nameless fear which John Randolph described, we have equal citizens meeting upon a common ground; and Wade Hampton and Governor Orr, who were yesterday risking their lives and fortunes in a war to perpetuate slavery forever, are now [illegible] reasoning with the late slaves, and appealing to their common-sense and the ordinary motives of intelligent human beings. The words and actions of these gentlemen entirely discredit their previous assertions, and are the most startling commentary upon the system of slavery and the arguments by which it was supported. The late slaves are neither more nor less men than before. If they are capable of being influenced by such arguments as are now addressed to them, was it not an inconceivable wrong to hold them enslaved? Ought such persons to have been treated as chattels? The speeches of Messrs. Hampton and Orr and Johnson increase our respect for the colored citizens, but they are the most terrible indictments of the speakers.

These speeches, however, illustrate the qualities of the Southern politician which are not the most conspicuous but which are very characteristic—adroitness and practicality. Accepting the situation without debate, the orators use a plainness of speech and a directness of argument which show the accomplished leader. "You are now citizens like the rest of us," they say in substance; 'you are Southern men; so are we, and our interests are common. You are growers of cotton. Well, Congress taxes every bale you raise, and does not tax the wheat of Ohio or the lumber of Maine. Is that fair? Shall we not wish to send men to Congress who will labor to remove that tax? So in our State governments whom shall we put in office? Our neighbors and friends whose interest is necessarily the same as our own, or the strangers who have come among us to plunder us? There are many such from the North who call themselves your friends. Yet in Philadelphia these friends of yours will not let your people ride in the street cars, and in Ohio and Michigan and New Jersey they will not let them vote at all. Such things show you that it is not love of you nor respect for your rights, but merely their own interest which dictates the action of these Northerners. As for us, judge us by our deeds. If we deceive you, then turn elsewhere. If we show that we are your friends, will it not be better for us all who live together to act together?"

Nothing could be shrewder than this kind of speech, and nothing more promising. Its object is evident; but it is legitimate. Like all other men the new citizens must learn from experience which party is really the friend of justice and humanity. We do not believe, as we have before said, that Mr. Hampton and Mr. Orr and the other old leaders understand the colored citizens any better than these citizens understand them. The new voters will trust and follow leaders of their own people. As one of these, James Sims, said at Savannah: "They knew enough to fight right, and they would vote right. Colored men are not fools." It is men like Sims, who have felt the iron in their souls, who will control the colored vote. Mr. Hampton and Mr. Orr may speak and may feel kindly. But men whose wives have been at the mercy of masters, and whose children have been sold away, do not forget. "I trust hereafter," said Mr. Wade Hampton at Columbia, "there may be mutual kindness, forbearance, and co-operation between all classes of our people."

God grant it! but there are those who can not forget that there has not been such fraternity hitherto; and they will remember—how can they help it?—who are responsible. "I have not even a home here," said Mr. Hampton, with true pathos, "for my home and the homes of all who love my name have been laid in ashes!" It is a terrible fate; but could he not imagine among the dusky crowd some man who had never had a home because his very manhood was denied looking at him sadly, and saying: "Ah! Wade Hampton, you tell us that you are our friend; yet it was in the vain effort to degrade us into chattels forever that your home was laid in ashes, and those who love your name were destroyed."

But not the less do we see in the speeches of such men as Hampton and Orr the signs of a new era and a nobler Union.

THE END OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The Democrats have certainly made the most of their Connecticut victory. Such a prolonged and triumphant cackling over so small an egg was never heard before. The listener might have supposed that slavery was restored, that the policy of the nation had been annulled, that the war had been finally denounced as wicked and fratricidal; that Toucey, the Seymours, and Vallandigham had been restored to their niches as the most spotless of patriotic saints; and that the country, after six years of aberration, had now crawled to the stool of repentance, and was invoking upon its sin the scorn and curse of mankind. But the listener would have been woefully deceived. If any body supposes that the Democratic party can reverse a revolution he is at full liberty to do so, as he would be to suppose that he can scull up Niagara.

The hope and aim of the Northern wing of the Democratic party have been a renewed alliance with the Southern wing that led the rebellion. The practical moral of the Connecticut victory in the minds of the Democratic leaders was encouragement to the Southern brethren. But with a dullness beyond belief the Northern managers had not reflected that the Southern Democratic leaders naturally despise those who merely gave doctrinal and moral aid to the rebellion, and now find an alliance with the new vote of their own States much more valuable than that with the Copperheads at the North who do not control four States. This is the feeling of Mr. Orr, the former Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, and one of the earliest and most determined of the secessionists. In his late speech at Charleston he says:

"I know there is an apprehension widespread in the North and West that, after the reconstruction of the Southern States, we shall fall into the arms of our old allies and associates of the Democratic party. I say to you, gentlemen, however, that I would give no such pledges ......I have every reason to entertain a respect and regard for that party, and I have entertained the hope for many years to see it reinstated in power. But the dream has passed. We have accounts to settle with party, gentlemen, before I at least will consent to affiliate with it. [Cries of 'Good! good!' and applause.] In my judgment it is time for us to seek new friends and a new alliance; hence I am opposed to organizing any party in South Carolina that will cement itself to the Democratic or any other party."

This speech was delivered on the evening after the Connecticut election. On the 4th of April, three days after that event, the Charlottesville (Virginia) *Chronicle* repudiates the Democratic party altogether. It says that the result in Connecticut is "a very bad thing if it leads us anew into the bog of the 'Northern Democracy.' Neither the Democratic party, nor President Johnson, nor the Supreme Court is going to be of any service to the South." Then, with a very just and clear perception, it says: "The Northern people have determined to secure the practical fruits of their decisive victory, and they know that the rebellion is not over so long as the Northern Democracy is undispersed." The *Chronicle* proceeds to deride "the great Democratic party" for pressing the South to go out, and then bragging that it furnished all the soldiers to the Union armies. "The Northern Democracy have use for us in peace; they have none in war," says the *Chronicle*. "They talk about the Constitution and violation of the Constitution, and usurpation and tyranny and consolidation; but they never fight except against the Constitution and for consolidation. They set us up to receive the whole fury of the storm. They have, after repealing the Missouri Compromise and sustaining the Administration of Mr. Buchanan, brought us to universal negro suffrage." And after forcibly and truly urging that "the Republican party can not be beaten at the North by the Democratic party," it ends by emphatically declaring "there will be no peace for the South until the Democratic party marches off the field of battle." So say you, Mr. Foreman; so say you all, gentlemen of the jury. It seems to us that this thunder from South Carolina and Virginia is quite as interesting to the "great Democratic party," "the natural governors of the country," as the poor little peep from Connecticut.

Parties are organizations for practical ends. The Democratic party was an alliance between the political sagacity and aristocratic pride of the South and the ignorance and moral cowardice of the North to save State sovereignty and slavery. The South was a political unit upon those points. It sacrificed to them every thing else; and as long as the Democratic party was wholly subservient to slavery and to State sovereignty, which was the anchor to windward, the alliance was formidable to civilization and the human race, for it prostituted the resources of one of the great powers of the world to the protection of barbarism, and it exposed the republican principle to the scornful contempt of mankind.

But with the abolition of slavery and the destruction of State sovereignty the South necessarily ceases to be a political unit. The one overpowering sectional issue has disappeared, and the intelligent leaders of that part of the country will turn their political activity and skill into new channels. They certainly will not unite themselves with those whom they believe to have betrayed them; and they will not do it, because they can not hope by means of such an alliance to regain what they have lost. They will form new combinations for new objects with new parties. They will divide among themselves, and the normal state of a free commonwealth will return, in which sectional interests have but a limited influence upon parties, and where difference of opinion secures healthful discussion and political toleration. There is no interest in any part of the country which now requires ignorance for its preservation, and which resents free speech as a deadly peril. In every slave State the fundamental conditions of this Government were incompatible with the public peace. You must not praise Liberty to slaves.

The Democratic party is not able to understand that there has been a revolution. Stupid as the Bourbons and infatuated as the Jacobites, it devotes all its energy to decorating the body and inflating the lungs of a corpse. Instead of watching the course of the revolution in public sentiment and the national condition, and sagaciously adapting itself to the change, it hopes to rescue a shred of State sovereignty and at least a single slave whip from the rushing current. It is merely the Tory party of the old revolution, without its intelligence or dignity or excuse. Nasby ridicules it amidst the roaring laughter of the country, and its Southern masters reject it as a worn-out tool.

RIP VAN WINKLE IN THE SUPREME COURT.

Unlike the antediluvian worthy who thought when the deluge began that it was not going to be much of a shower after all, Messrs. Sharkey and Walker, counsel for the State of Mississippi, now that the deluge is over, and the new heavens and the new earth begin to appear, are of opinion that there has not been much of a shower. They insist, with the bewildered solemnity of Rip Van Winkle, that the war had but one significance and result—namely, that the loyal citizens were physically stronger than the disloyal. That point having been satisfactorily determined, every thing returns to its previous condition. In a word, say Messrs. Sharkey and Walker, there has been "a little unpleasantness" in the national family, but now every thing is serene.

The petition of these gentlemen to the Supreme Court sets forth, in great amplitude of phrase, that "once a State always a State;" that the United States have made an "irrevocable compact" with the State of Mississippi, that the State can not secede, and can not be expelled; that a military despotism is unconstitutional; and that the Reconstruction bill and all the proceedings under it may as well be declared unconstitutional first as last. Now, what other question than this have the people of this country been considering for two years past? What did they decide at the last autumn election but that States which have destroyed their civil government and their relation with the Union can establish a government and resume that relation only upon such conditions as the loyal citizens may determine? The petition of Messrs. Sharkey and Walker is a grave request to the Supreme Court to reverse the decision of the people at the polls. Do these gentlemen suppose that the national will upon such a question as reconstruction is to be set aside by a majority of nine judges?

The argument of the petition is fatal to every political measure of the last two years. It demolishes the "policy" of the President as effectually as the action of Congress, and the attempt to evade this result is as feeble as it is foolish. The petitioners say that, "in concurrence with the view of the President," conventions were held; and that "the people assembled voluntarily, and not by compulsion of the President." Now nothing is more familiar to the country than the action of the President and the grounds upon which it was justified. In the order appointing Mr. Sharkey Provisional Governor the President recites that there is no civil government in the State of Mississippi; that the United States are bound to secure a republican government to the State, and that it shall be the duty of Mr. Sharkey to prescribe rules for "convening a convention" which shall submit a constitution to Congress. But if the United States had made an irreversible compact with Mississippi, did it authorize the President to appoint a Governor for the State, and to designate who should be voters? If it did not, the argument of the petition is fatal to the President's action.

This Mississippi petition is merely the old fallacy which has been thoroughly exposed and exploded. It is the expiring gasp of the sophism which has been destroyed by the war, that the Constitution is a compact or treaty, and not a national bond. It is the final struggle of the rebellion, which hopes to save by legal quibbles and technicalities what it could not maintain by arms. It is the desperate effort to undo in a court the decision of a war. It is a futile plea against the right of the people of the United States to guarantee the peace of the Union. The wiser people in the Southern States see this as plainly as we. They remember that the Supreme Court has already tried to withstand the current of events, and has failed. They remember that Alexander H. Stephens retired from Congress because the Dred Scott decision had secured the victory of "the South." And they have seen Mr. Stephens, the Dred Scott decision, and "the South" mingled in a common ruin. Indeed, the soldiers at the South seem to be the only statesmen. They know that the loyal people who won in the war would no more allow the Supreme Court to reverse their victory than they have allowed the President. The Southern soldiers are deserting fictions for facts. Like wise men, they leave to such gentlemen as Messrs. Sharkey and Walker the task of winning the Court to say that Congress has done wrong, while they themselves earnestly try to win the colored vote and to control the future.

THE TIGHTNESS OF MONEY.

The stringency that has beset the money market for a considerable time still continues, and borrowers find difficulty in negotiating loans except upon the best approved collaterals. All descriptions of securities other than Governments are undesirable; commercial paper is most carefully scrutinized; and few will advance on bond and mortgage more than one-half the value of the security, even on most eligible city property. The rate of interest, however, is not oppressive.

There are many of our business men who look for a decided improvement soon, just as they have been waiting these six months, patiently but in vain, for a return of the activity of previous years; but they have built their hopes upon a sand-bank. It is quite possible there may be a better feeling ere long, and the money market become gradually easier. It can not be expected, though, that the relief will be permanent, for the market is always spasmodic and susceptible to the slightest and most mysterious influences. It may at any time jump from 5 per cent. per annum to 5 per cent. a month without apparent satisfactory cause, as it did in June 1864. Moreover, it is controlled just now by the want of confidence which has so long prevailed throughout the mercantile community, by the general feeling of uncertainty, the undefined apprehensions, and the whispers that go round, but which nobody can explain. It is true that Government has sold gold, and thereby withdrawn a considerable amount of greenbacks from circulation; also that the banks, catching the prevailing apprehension of a continued stringency, are contracting, calling in their loans that they may get a higher rate of interest by-and-by. This accounts, in part, for the scarcity of money. The least favorable feature of the case, however, is that depositors are withdrawing their idle balances from the banks to a very large extent. It is estimated that the deposits were drawn down five millions last week, and the legal tenders nearly as much more. We know of one single bank that was thus depleted to the tune of $750,000.

New York city being the great financial centre of the Western world as London is of the other hemisphere, is naturally the great lending centre. While business is active immense sums of money are continually flowing here from all parts of the country, seeking remunerative investment; but when business becomes dull, from any cause whatsoever, these moneys can not be employed; the idle balances are withdrawn because they yield nothing. No matter how thriving or auspicious the state of trade may have been in other quarters, apprehension here begets apprehension there, and depositors will prefer to have their balances under their immediate control, or invest them in Governments, which are sure and profitable. This drain upon our banks and banking-houses helps very much to render money tight; but the *cause* of this drain, as we have already stated, proceeds from the want of confidence in the community. There is a conviction, well founded, among the shrewd mercantile community (apart from the financiers of Wall Street), that the inflation of the currency culminated in the spring and summer of 1866, at which time the Secretary of the Treasury, backed by an act of Congress, publicly announced the policy of contraction, authorizing a reduction of not more than 4,000,000 per month; also, the national banks had issued all of their 300 millions of currency which they were legally authorized to do. Well, then, the summit having been reached, the tendency in every thing is downward. Excepting in real estate, the prices of all descriptions of property and merchandise have very materially declined—and they have declined gradually and calmly, distressing some houses, it is true, but still creating no disastrous perturbation of trade and finance. The fact that they have done so relieves the mind of the apprehension that there is to be a general financial crash or monetary panic. It proves to the contrary. We are not at panic prices now. Commodities are reasonably low compared to what they have been for four years past.

Still, the season will not pass without trouble. Trouble may come from quarters least expected. On the 1st of June the Bankrupt Law will come into operation. Many are no doubt preparing to take advantage of that law, and the failures and suspensions which may then be announced will be startling. Many a strong house which has given extensive credits may find its debtors on the bankrupt list, and their assets, which had been considered undoubted, vanished like smoke. Then what becomes of the supposed very strong houses? One heavy failure carries many, like a row of bricks which schoolboys set up to tumble down. Shrewd and crafty men, both debtors and creditors, are shaping their course to meet the operation of this law. Such persons as have kept their accounts close, who have no overstock of goods, and who have not foolishly speculated for a rise in stocks, in spite of every possible presage against so doing, need not trouble themselves about the future. There is a very considerable portion of the business community whose position is very strong. These will weather the gale. But among borrowers and overtraders who are unable to obtain accommodation there will inevitably be trouble, as we have long predicted. The probability is that business will now gradually fizzle out, and that a dull summer will be succeeded by a revival in the fall.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Thiers, the French historian, one of the men who rose with the revolution of 1830, who was Minister of Louis Philippe, and who "defended society" in 1848 against the Socialist doctrines of Prudhon, is now one of the most conspicuous leaders of the Opposition to the Empire, and has just made an elaborate speech which is worthy to have been spoken by the Minister of Charles X. It is a curious illustration of the antiquated political policy of Europe, for it is a plea for the dismemberment of other nations. It assumes that prosperity consists in the misfortunes of others; and that a truly great France is incompatible with a united Italy and a confederated Germany. The Emperor is blamed for not having foreseen the result of the war, and for being outwitted by Bismarck. Thiers's speech is a long wail over the lost balance of power—a balance secured by the treaties of Vienna, which were made solely in the interests of kings and dukes, and with regal disregard of the people. Thiers, of course, is much too learned a scholar not to fortify his position with history; but history will be interpreted very differently by other scholars and statesmen. He ended his speech by the sharp sneer that there was no fault left for the Imperial Government to commit.

This assault of Thiers is strong not in itself but in its opportunity. It is no discredit to the Empire that it has not interfered to prevent the unity of Italy and Germany, but it is very mortifying that Europe has been reconstructed, and the treaties of Vienna destroyed without the increase of territory and with a loss of prestige to France. A united Italy and a confederated Germany do not threaten the legitimate policy of France; but it is a wound to French "glory" that France has not equally advanced with those Powers. The skill of Thiers is shown in choosing the moment for his attack, and although his explanation of the fact is unsatisfactory, the fact still remains and stings.

Emile de Girardin has shown his superiority to Thiers as a political tactician by fastening upon the simple fact and relentlessly exposing it. He boldly declares that the Empire is a failure, and that when it talks of conceding liberties it confesses that liberties have been withheld. As for the Emperor he says that he has broken his oath, and distinctly insinuates that he overthrew the Republic when it was not in peril. This is the substance of an editorial article which has interested France quite as much as the speech of Thiers; and nothing more forcibly illustrates the truth of Girardin's assertions and the nervousness of the Government than the fact that he was tried and fined for the publication. That is a sign of real weakness in the Empire. Were the Emperor conscious of a sure hold upon the nation he would have willingly allowed the publication as an evidence of his security. But if the editor had been sure of that hold he would not have written the article.

If the effort which Louis Napoleon is making toward a league of France with Holland and Switzerland to withstand the increasing power of Germany should fail, the Empire would be in danger. The French might be content to be ruled by the cleverest man in Europe, but they will hardly remain loyal to him when they distinctly see a cleverer. Bismarck is a dreadful rival. His game is so imposing and swift and brilliant that Louis Napoleon is as much dazzled as the rest of Europe. It will require all his energy and skill to hold his throne against the singular political combinations which are now plainly arising in Europe, and in which the United States unofficially and involuntarily, but none the less powerfully, plays so important a part.

PROGRESS.

A hundred years ago, when some of the North American Colonies of Great Britain were asking not to be taxed without representation, and gradually began to hint separation, a roar of contempt and anger arose in Parliament, and even Edmund Burke, our chief friend, said that he did not deny the authority to tax, but held that it was inexpedient to exercise it. Then came the war first to subdue the rebellion, and afterward to prevent the separation—a war which shook Great Britain to the heart, which was the source of innumerable disasters, and which planted the seeds of an almost inextinguishable international jealousy between America and England.

But now, when the Canadian Colonies propose to change their condition, John Bright speaks for the common-sense of his country in saying: "For his part he wished the population of the province to do what they felt to be the best for their own interest: he would allow them to remain connected with this country if they liked, to become an independent society if they desired it, and to start upon that career of glory and greatness which their advantages and virtues might insure them; or if they liked better to annex themselves to the United States he should not complain of that."

Had this been the sentiment of Great Britain a century ago we should have been most faithful mutual friends and allies instead of distrustful and wary rivals. But the new England which John Bright and his friends represent should and will produce in this respect a new America.

THE ENGLISH REFORM BILL.

The ocean telegraph tells us that the Liberal Party in the English Parliament, led by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, will oppose the Reform bill proposed by the Government. At present nobody can vote in the boroughs who does not pay ten pounds rent. The new bill provides that all who have occupied a dwelling-house in the borough and have paid the poor rates shall have a vote. There are now in the boroughs 1,367,000 "male occupiers," of whom 644,000 are voters. The bill adds to them 237,000, making the whole number of household voters 881,000. The county qualification is to be fifteen pounds rental valuation, a year's residence, and personal payment of the rates. This will add 171,000 voters to the present number. Graduates and professional men are to vote, qualified by one year's residence. All who have had for two years a balance of fifty pounds in a savings bank or in the funds, and who have paid a pound tax within the year, are also to vote. And then comes the clause upon which we hope the bill will be and ought to be overthrown. This provides that all who vote as payers of direct taxes shall also vote as qualified householders. This gives the rich man two votes to the poor man's one vote.

The basis of the bill is property. How it will be opposed, whether upon the details, the inadequacy, or the injustice, we are yet to learn. If a man is entitled to vote in the state at all, his vote ought to count exactly as much as that of any other voter; and if a man should have an additional vote for a balance of fifty pounds, it is hard to show why he should not have another for a balance of a hundred pounds. The debate will be very interesting, for it can hardly fail, in the hands of Bright, at least, to open the whole question of the suffrage.

PARAGUAY.

We read with surprise in a leading New York paper that during the South American war "the sympathy of most Americans has been with Paraguay." We suspect that among the very few Americans who are enough interested in the war to understand it the feeling has been exactly the reverse. They have hoped that the allies would be successful, and that the most rigorous despotism upon the American continent might be broken down.

There is nothing in the condition of Paraguay which can command the sympathy of an American, except its military efficiency. The whole region, indeed, is but the plantation and camp of Lopez, who is absolute dictator, even to the price of produce. If an American man-of-war has been sent to the Parana River, as is alleged, for the purpose of negotiation, we hope sincerely that the mediation may end in opening Paraguay to the light of civilivation.

SHALL WE EVER KNOW MORE ABOUT THE PLANETS?

Such is the immensity of space between us and the nearest planetary body, it seems almost impossible in the present state of knowledge to make much progress in regard to the exact structure or physical condition of any of the solar group. However, telescopes are constantly revealing great and unlooked for things in regions above the sky, and it is by no means improbable that astounding discoveries are destined to crown with illustrious fame some bold genius in a coming day that may entirely eclipse those which are now recorded among the grandest achievements of the human intellect.

Telescopes have not attained the perfection of which it is universally admitted by practical astronomers they are susceptible. Very huge instruments are found in the principal national observatories of Europe and America, but they fall quite below what they should be in such institutions, so long as the fact is admitted that there is no positive limit to their power.

No reflecting telescope has been made so large as should be constructed to comport with the dignity of the service in which it would be employed; nor has an object-glass exceeded about three feet. The expense of a metallic speculum twenty feet, and an object-glass three yards in diameter, would open to the human eye unexplored fields in celestial domains. We might have portions of the moon's surface brought apparently within ten miles of the earth. If there are any large artificial structures there, or even on some of the other planets, equal to those that have been reared here, they could be distinctly examined. Forests, mountains, lakes, rivers, and other objects, would be clearly defined.

But the prodigious expense of perfecting two such magnificent appendages to the two kinds of telescopes used for distant explorations, is wholly beyond the resources of any sane millionaires. If one of those favored mortals would secure to himself cyclopædial immortality, let him order the fabrication of a telescope that would show us the glories of God's creations where no philosopher has yet gazed; and it would enlarge the boundaries of science, give us higher conceptions of the illimitable and immitable resources of creative power, while it would humble us in view of our low estate, circumscribed attainments and nothingness in the universe of such displays as a great telescope would bring to light.

LOCATION OF THE SOUL.

From immemorial time in all countries the seat of intellect is universally admitted to be in the brain. Very patient and very learned anatomists have explored that organ to find the exact location of the soul, but without any degree of success. Still, all unite in the admitted fact that it is somewhere in the brain. By a blow or concussion the mental powers are deranged or suspended; and when the delicate mechanism of the cerebral mass is diseased aberrations of the mind immediately follow. Therefore all are agreed upon that one point—that the characteristic manifestations of the intellect are performed in the brain.

Now for an anomaly. In hydrocephalus water may so distend the brain from within toward the circumference as to really make it appear almost like a simple sac, and yet the operations of the mind remain apparently almost normal. All the upper surface of the brain has been repeatedly torn away, even to severing the olfactory and optic nerves, exposing their lacerated extremities without impairing the intellect for hours, till inflammation commenced. An iron bar, one inch in diameter and four feet in length, was blown by powder entirely through the centre of the brain of a railroad man at Cavendish, Vermont, a few years ago, carrying away both bone above and below, besides forcing a column of the brain before the end of the bar, mutilating the interior delicate structure within, and rending arterial twigs by the dozens—and yet he recovered, with all the usual mental and moral powers intact. Where is the soul lodged, "Messieurs Philosophers?"

"A JOY FOREVER."

Prang's chromos have steadily won their way to a public favor which is fully deserved by their excellence. The picture of Tait's "Chickens," which was so perfectly reproduced as to seem a fac-simile, is already familiar, and his "Quails," which is recently issued, is not less attractive. But the chromos are of every kind and size. There are sets of lovely vignettes; elaborate and most brilliantly illuminated Scriptural sentences and book-marks; with the ballads and stories which tell themselves delightfully to the child's eye and imagination. Mr. Prang and his partners might write over their doors, "Things of beauty;" and we most sincerely commend them to the attention of those who have not been aware of this brilliant and pleasing art which gratifies so cheaply and is so refining and humanizing an influence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The extraordinary session of the Senate has been thus far devoted to the confirmation or rejection of the appointments of the President. None of these have been of grave importance. Lovell H. Rousseau was nominated and confirmed as Brigadier-General of the regular army *vice* Rosecrans resigned.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Schofield, on April 2, suspended all elections in Virginia until the registration of voters should be completed. He announced that he would fill all vacancies occurring in the mean time by appointments. General Sickles pursued the same policy in South Carolina.

General Wager Swayne, commanding the sub-District of Alabama, on April 2, ordered a rigid compliance with the provisions of the Civil Rights bill, and prohibited payments for services rendered the State during the war. General Sickles, commanding the District of North and South Carolina, had a conference on April 6 with the Governors of these States; and, by agreement, the latter will continue to exercise their functions; but all elections have been prohibited until the registration of the voters shall have been completed.

An injunction against Andrew Johnson and General Ord to restrain them perpetually from executing the Reconstruction and Supplementary acts, was presented in the Supreme Court by Judge Sharkey and Robert J. Walker. The State of Georgia followed this example, employing Charles O'Conor and Jeremiah S. Black as counsel to present its claims.

NEWS ITEMS.

For several Sundays the Rev. Mr. Mattison, of Trinity M. E. Church, York Street, Jersey City, has been exposing the fallacy of some of the claims of the Romish priesthood. Last Sunday evening, as he was about beginning, a stone was forcibly thrown through a window, to the great terror of part of the congregation, and afterward another window was broken in the same manner. The police were called, but the assailants were gone. The stones were evidently thrown from the yard of the building of the Sisters of Mercy. This is the old style of argument; but the Romish clergy must be aware that it is extremely unwise to pursue it in a Protestant country.

One of the most interesting public documents lately presented to the people of the metropolis is the Report of their Board of Excise for the year from April 1, 1866, to March 31, 1867. It appears that during that period the Board has issued 6779 licenses, and received $1,283,854 in payment. The business of the year was conducted at a total expense of only $21,294, leaving $1,262,560 income to the Metropolitan District Board of Police. Since the decision of the Court of Appeals declaring the constitutionality of the law, the Board has observed "a general disposition to conform to the law; rowdyism and drunkenness have largely decreased; and a fair observance of the provisions of the act diminishes scenes of violence and the number of offenses, adds to the security of life and property, and promotes at least an exterior decency in the public streets after midnight, and particularly on the Sabbath day."

A meeting of Union men was called in Marion, Smythe County, Virginia, on the 19th of March to organize a Union party; but before the members could proceed to business a body of armed rebels appeared, and, driving the Union men away, proceeded to organize a meeting of their own. They passed resolutions denouncing Congress and urging, as the sense of the meeting, that the President should use his military power to protect the people of the South against Congressional usurpation. These resolutions were presented to the publisher of a Union paper in the town. He refused to insert them, and was informed that it would not be safe for him to publish any other report of the meeting. General Schofield was informed of the affair, and a Lieutenant, without troops, was sent to investigate the matter.

General Hancock's Indian expedition, fifteen thousand strong, was at Selma, Kansas, on March 30. General Hancock proposed to go to Fort Larned, on the Santa Fé road, where he will invite the chiefs of the hostile tribes to a council to discuss terms of peace. If they fail to come to terms he will immediately commence a vigorous war against them.

The Ohio Legislature on April 3 passed a resolution for manhood suffrage in both Houses. An amendment disfranchising rebels and deserters has yet to be acted upon by the Senate.

General Joseph Bailey, the builder of the dam which served to extricate Commodore Porter's fleet from the rapids of Red River during the war, was murdered on March 26 by two brothers, while discharging his duties as Sheriff of Vernon County, Missouri.

An explosion took place in a coal-pit in Chesterfield County, Virginia, on April 3, by which seventy-five miners were killed. The bodies could not be recovered.

George W. Randolph, a grandson of Thomas Jefferson, and formerly the rebel Secretary of War, died in Richmond on April 3.

The Republican ticket for Mayor at Cincinnati, Ohio, was carried on April 3 by a majority of 4380, an actual gain of 3148 over last year's vote. A heavy gain is also recorded for the Republicans in St. Louis.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern question grows more complicated as it approaches its crisis. Since our last reports Russia has been moving troops rapidly southward toward the Turkish frontier, giving as an excuse for doing that which disturbs the peace of Europe, that it requires large numbers of troops to build railroads. In the mean time Constantinople is filling with Turkish soldiers, and volunteering is going on all over the Empire, ostensibly for service in Candia, but doubtless for defense against the dreaded Russians.

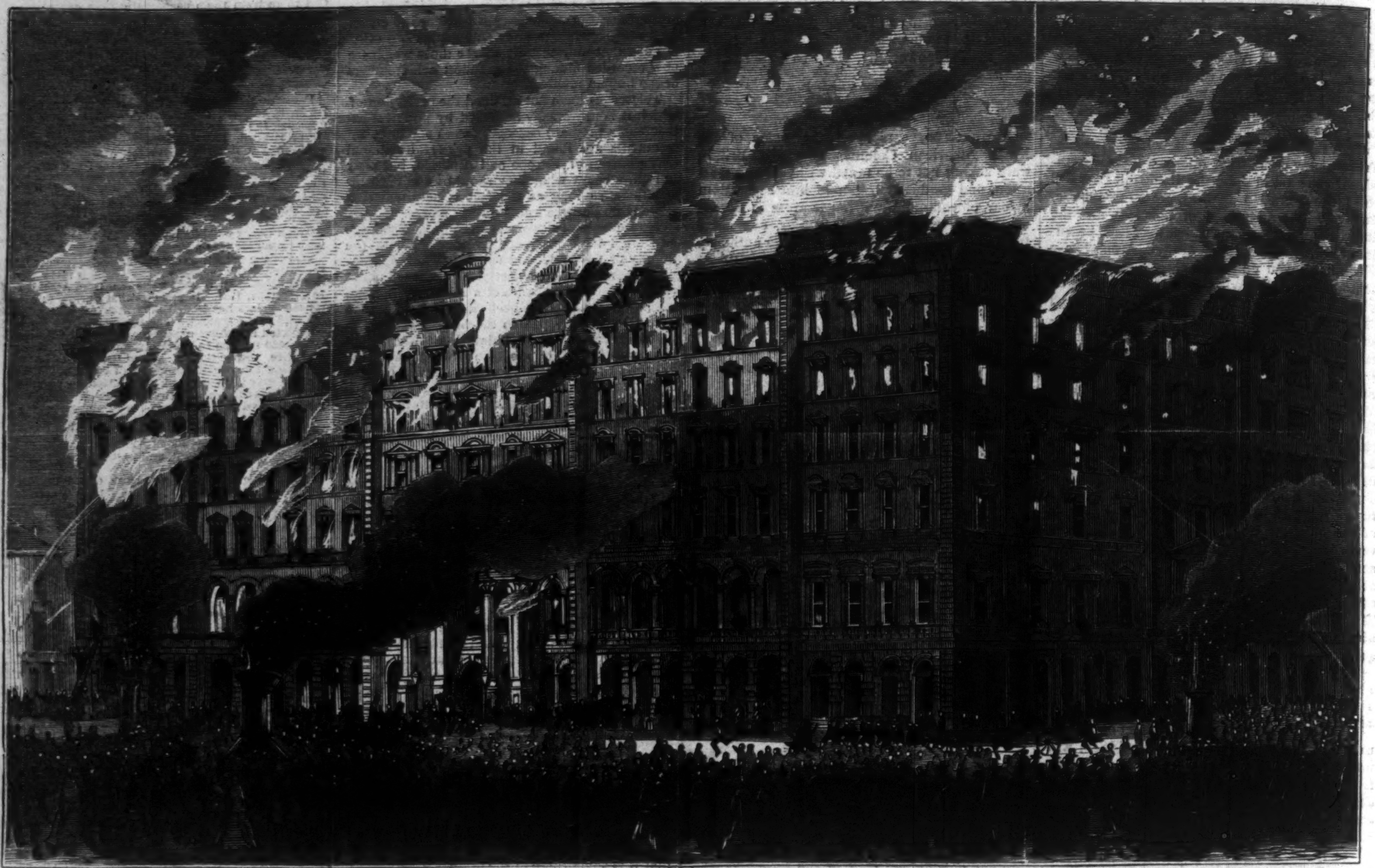
The publication of the secret treaty between Prussia, Baden, and Bavaria, which produced so much commotion in France, has had an opposite effect in Austria. The terms are decided to be in accordance with those of the treaty of Prague between Prussia and Austria; and the influential papers and persons at Vienna advocate a close alliance with Prussia. Meantime France makes no progress in her efforts at forming an alliance with Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland; the former power has already repented of her sale of Luxembourg to France, and asked in vain to be released from it. It is intimated in the dispatches from London and Paris that this condition of affairs, added to the unpleasant aspect of the Eastern question, produces a general distrust in political and financial matters all over Europe. The latest dispatches, received April 9, announce that Berlin, and indeed all Germany, had been excited by warlike reports from Paris; Bismarck had been called to a war-counsel at Berlin, and a general war was imminent all over Europe.

There was some fighting, but of little consequence, near Cork and Dublin, between the British troops and Fenians on April 1 and 2.

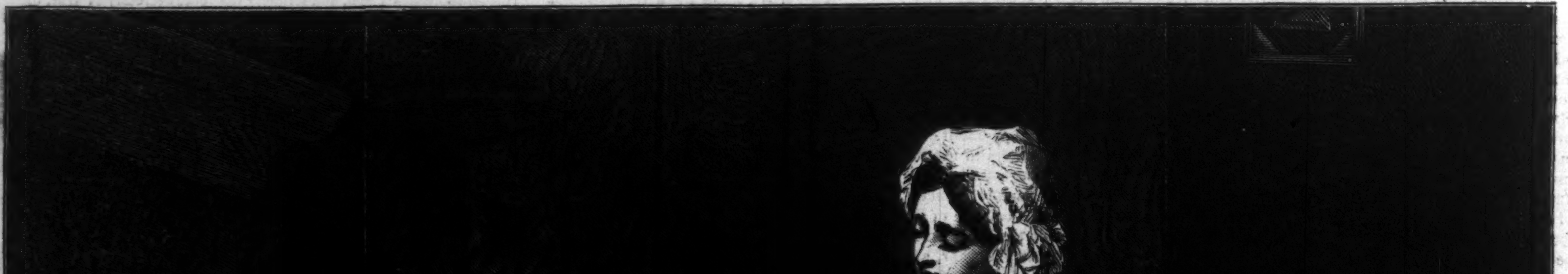
The Derby Reform Bill was to have been pushed to a vote in Parliament about April 8. Gladstone and Bright had closely canvassed both Houses, and were confident of defeating the bill. Such a result would necessitate the resignation of the Derby Cabinet, and the formation of a new one to represent the Liberal party.

The siege of Queretaro, the position taken up by Maximilian's army, was actively begun on March 4. Imperial reports of the same date say that Escobedo had been attacked in Celoya, where he had taken up a position, and completely routed by Mejia, who had sallied forth from Queretaro for the purpose. The defeat, it is further reported, was immediately followed up, and San Luis Potosi, Juarez's temporary seat of government, was occupied by the victors. The Liberal reports, on the contrary, claim that Maximilian's force was driven back after five hours' hard fighting. Both armies were being reinforced—Maximilian's, however, only by small bodies. Queretaro was not completely surrounded at the latest dates, Escobedo having drawn in his lines, leaving one road open to Mexico city. Vera Cruz was besieged by 3600 Liberals, who made little progress for want of heavy artillery. The town is defended by sixteen hundred Imperialists and fifty-six pieces of artillery. That Maximilian's position appeared critical is apparent from the fact that, on April 5, the Austrian Minister at Washington announced to Secretary Seward that he had been instructed to ask the good offices of the United States Government in securing safe treatment to Maximilian and his followers in case they fell into the hands of the Liberals at Queretaro. On the 6th inst. Mr. Seward replied that he had telegraphed to Minister Campbell to send a swift messenger to Juarez, conveying a request that all possible leniency be extended toward the expected prisoners, and also that he had placed a copy of his instructions in the hands of Minister Romero, who had promised to inform Juarez of the wishes of the United States Government.

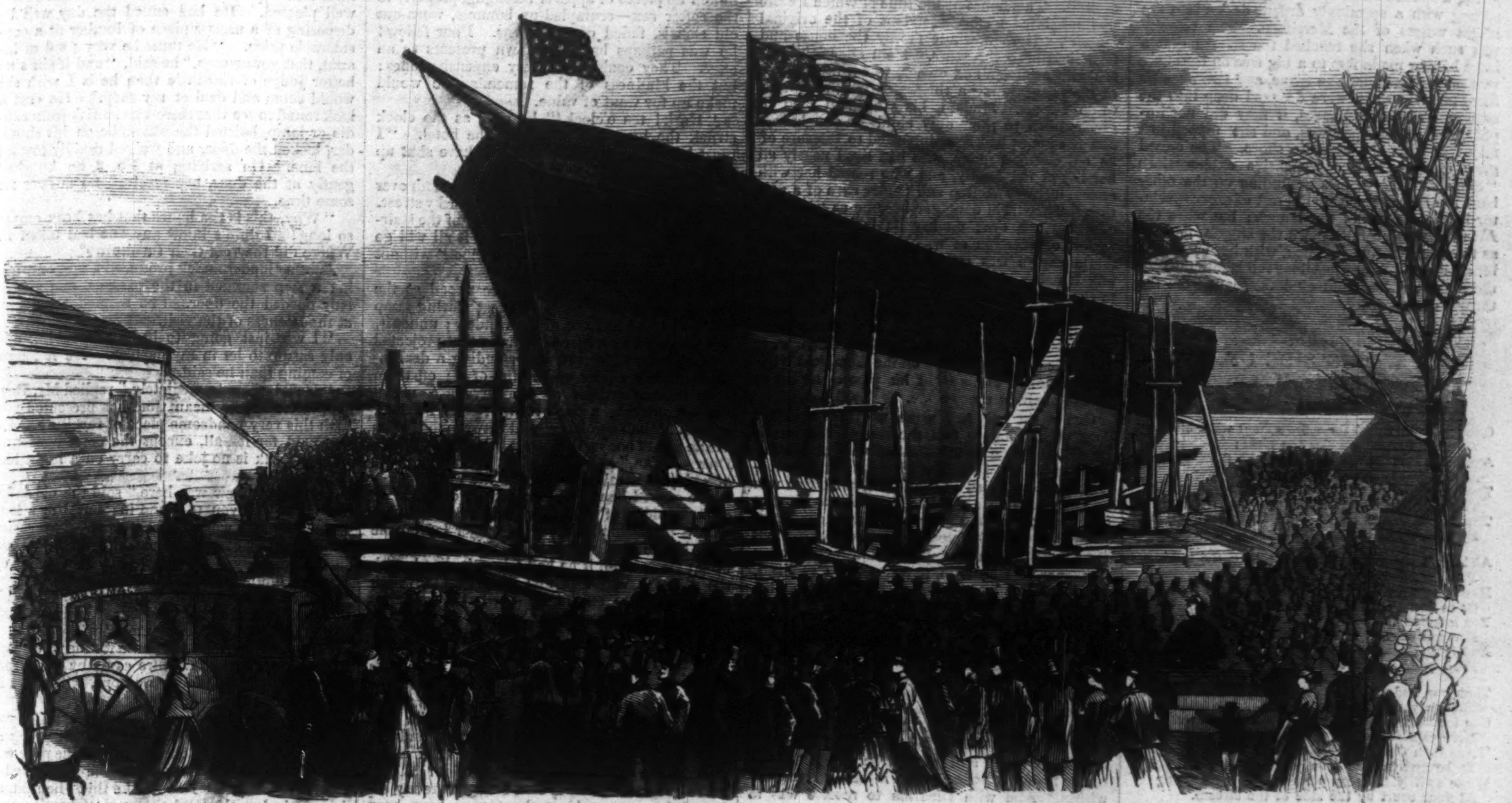
Subsequently to the unsuccessful insurrection at Port au Prince, Hayti, on February 22, noticed in our last record, a second effort was made by the insurgents under Victor Chevalier. This was more formidable and successful, and President Geffrard was forced to abdicate and seek safety in flight to St. Domingo. General Sayet was elected President of Hayti to succeed Geffrard.



BURNING OF THE LINDELL HOTEL, AT SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI, March 30, 1867.—[See Page 254.]



"BEDTIME."—From a Water-Color Painting by John Burr.—[See Page 254.]

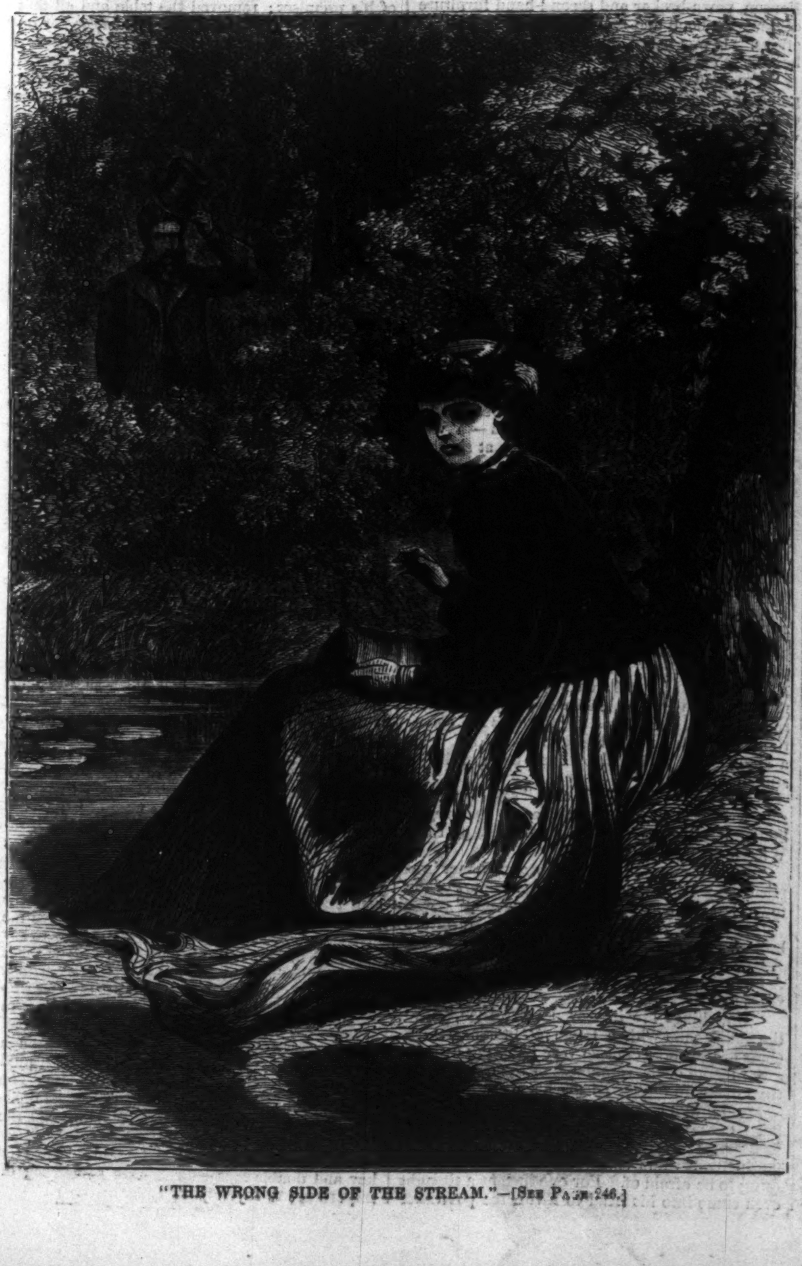


LAUNCH OF THE STEAMSHIP "ERIE," AT NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL 3.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.]

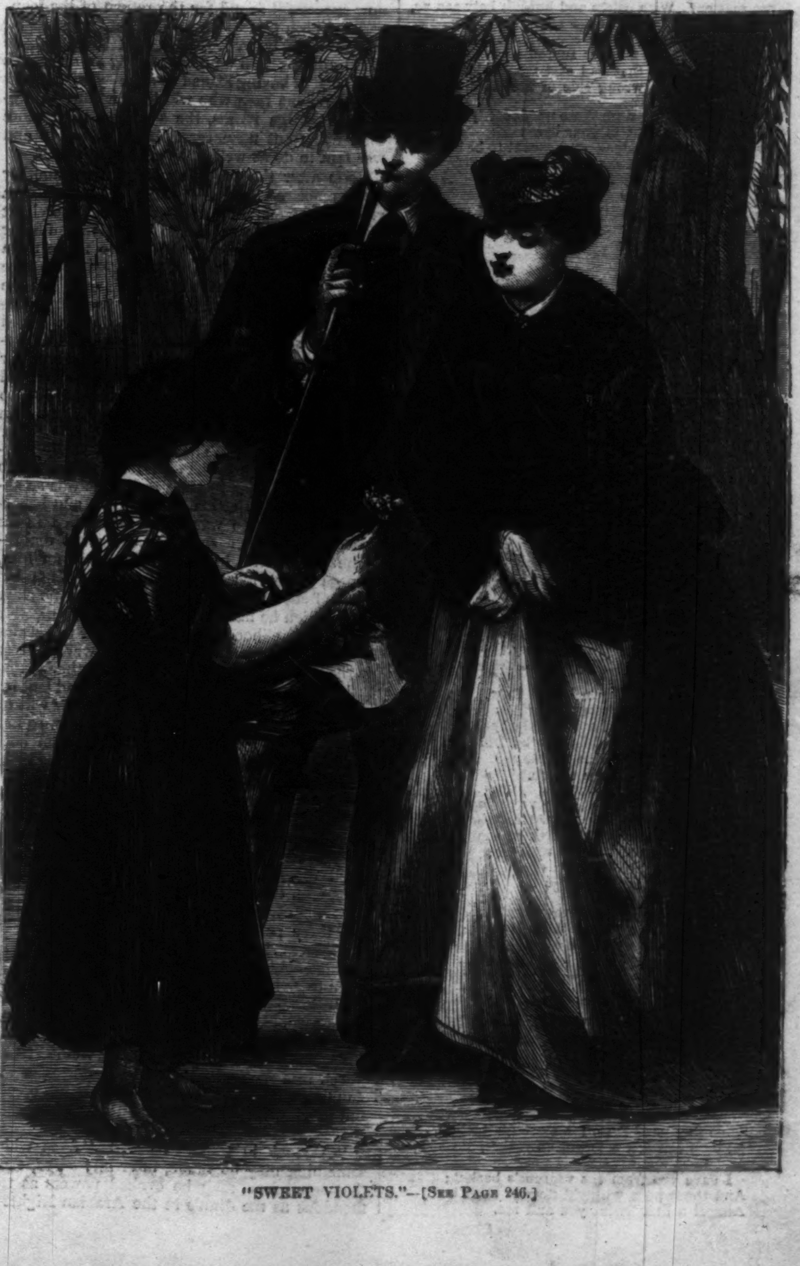
LAUNCH OF THE STEAMSHIP "ERIE."

THE new steamship *Erie*, built for the "American and European" line of propellers, and to ply between Boston and Liverpool, was launched at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on April 3. We give a sketch of the scene by our artist, and some particulars of the vessel.

The keel of the *Erie* was laid in the summer of 1866. She is handsomely modeled and very strongly built, with an extreme length of 350 feet; breadth of beam 43 feet 9 inches, and depth of hold 29 feet. Her frame is of the best white oak, except the alternate top timbers, which are of hacmetac. She has perhaps more iron bolts and braces and other fastening material about her than any American mercantile vessel of her size afloat. Her cabins will be below decks, and accommodate fifty first-class and seventy-five second-class passengers. The *Erie* will be bark-rigged with double-topsail yards, and will spread all the canvas of a vessel of 1200 tons. The screw will be of the new pattern which forces the



"THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREAM."—[SEE PAGE 246.]



"SWEET VIOLETS."—[SEE PAGE 246.]

water directly to the rear and not diagonally outward, by which a greater velocity of speed can be attained.

The "wedging" for the launch was begun at ten o'clock; and in about an hour the vessel, giving a sudden start, sped down the incline and sprung with a seemingly ardent desire into the bright waters of the Merrimac. The velocity was such when she reached the stream that a large hawser made fast to a big tree on the shore was snapped asunder like twine, and two anchors fixed near the shore were dragged deep into the stream. These appliances, if they did not impede, checked her progress, and she stopped just fifty feet from the opposite shore. The crowd grew excited, and apprehensive exclamations "She's stuck!" "She's grounding on the other bank!" attested the deep interest of every spectator in the success of the launch; but when the *Erie* veered gracefully down the stream, floating as free and lightly as a duck, with her beauteous broadside and fair proportions full before the eye, there arose a long and exultant shout from the throats of the crowd.

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREAM.

[*See Illustration on page* 245.]

Once more do I feel the soft summer wind blowing,
While it tenderly rustles the trees;
Again the clear water is trilling and flowing,
As the rushes are bent 'neath the breeze.
The grand purple shadows are dreamily spreading
Their gloom o'er the sunshiny gleam;
Through tall nodding grasses I fancy I'm treading,
By the side of the murmuring stream.

Ah! don't you remember, sweet Amy, the talking
You caused down at Silverdale Hall?
How men were all wild to attend you in walking,
Or to carry your sunshade or shawl?
You laughed and you flirted, and were so provoking,
For you reigned like a despot extreme;
And issued your edicts—part earnest, part joking—
From your throne by the side of the stream.

Then you had your fav'rites, I can't help confessing,
Though you treated us all as your slaves—
One moment were angry, the next were caressing,
More capricious than wind-driven waves.
'Twas then Charlie Lincoln and I were both vying
To be first in your love and esteem,
While swiftly the rosy young hours were flying
At your court by the side of the stream.

Thus it often occurred in that bright sunny weather
That we both were ensnared by your wiles;
You gave one a flower, the other a feather,
While you gladdened us both with your smiles.
At last came a time of most exquisite rapture—
How short did the afternoon seem!—
As rosy lips pouted, I made my first capture,
When I met you alone by the stream.

Alone, did I say? Charlie Lincoln had seen us;
That he had I could tell by his look;
What matter? With osiers and hurdles between us,
With a thick tangled hedge and—a brook.
'Twas all one to me, for he could not come over;
So he bowed in a manner supreme,
And envied the lot that had cast me in clover,
With himself the wrong side of the stream.

How tender and true were those words softly spoken!
How lovely the light in your eyes!
How earnest those pledges, ne'er meant to be broken,
Those whispers that melted to sighs!
No longer a fancy—my fate was decided;
No mere phantom or fairy-like dream:
I blessed the good luck that my rival had guided
Thus to walk the wrong side of the stream!

"SWEET VIOLETS."

[*See Illustration on page* 245.]

"Violets, sweet violets! all April's in the cry."
Leigh Hunt

My Isabel, do you remember
How, in the fitful April weather,
Through squares and terraces suburban
We, plighted lovers, walked together,
While, shrill beneath the changeful sky,
Rang out the violet-seller's cry?

Ah, Love, how bright those hastening hours!
How fair the hopes that shone before us!
For us the Earth put forth her flowers,
For us the blackbirds sang their chorus,
And Spring herself seemed only made
To glad us with her light and shade.

And still I see your sweet face soften
With tender smile and pensive pity,
As in our path we meet a maiden—
A child waif from the seething city;
And still rings out the violet cry,
And still the changing clouds flit by.

Last week I pass'd you in the Row,
Last night I met you at a *soirée;*
I watch'd your fair head meekly bent
Above the last *chef-d'œuvre* by Doré;
But your heart's hidden mystery
'Tis not for mortal eye to see.

Enough that since that by-gone spring-time,
When we two lovers walk'd together,
Your heart has caught a trick of changing,
Capricious as that April weather;
And the lorn violet-seller's cry
Sounds like a dirge as I go by.

Your bouquets now are rare exotics,
Imported from far Southern bowers;
But who shall say those splendid blossoms
Are sweeter than my lowly flowers—
The violets that we stopp'd to buy
Beneath that sunlit April sky?

Alas! 'twas then our spring-time, dearest,
And o'er life's path there shone a glory,
While all our footfalls went to music,
Like mystic lute in fairy story:
But now youth's glamour shines no more
On the dull earth we wander o'er.

Some day perchance, for mere distraction,
You'll ransack a forgotten casket,
And light upon the faded posy
I gave you from the vagrant's basket;
And those poor wither'd flowers shall be
Almost a link 'twixt you and me.

A STOCK IN TRADE.

Not many years ago there was (and may be still for all I know) an old-fashioned farm-house about thirty miles from New York, near a place the pen of Washington Irving has made classic ground. This house at the time of which I write was inhabited by a descendant of the original Dutch settlers, in whose family the house and farm had been for years. Hein Diedrich himself, the occupier and owner, was a fitting type of his progenitors—a thrifty, careful, and well-to-do farmer. Madam, his wife, had died in giving birth to their only child—a daughter—and the infant had been intrusted to the care of an old German nurse, who had lived nearly all her life in the family, and who reared her with almost all the affection and tender care of a mother. This little daughter became as the apple of Diedrich's eye; on her he lavished all the wealth of affection of which his cold and apathetic nature was capable. For her sake he toiled and hoarded, and fondly looked forward to the time when she, grown up, should requite him for all his toil and self-sacrifice. The years passed by unvaried by aught of excitement or interest beyond the common. Diedrich went about his daily avocations on the farm, and tranquilly smoked every night his pipe as he sat in his old chair by the fireside.

One night Diedrich woke up from a longer doze than usual to find the son of one of his neighbors sitting by the fireside, with his daughter Bettina's hand fast clasped in his; and thenceforth he was roused to the fact that Bettina was no longer the little child he had hitherto thought her, and it dawned slowly on his awakened consciousness that she would soon be looking out for a husband—a fact his dull comprehension was slow to take in, but, when once realized, never more to be uprooted. Henceforth he began to turn over in his mind all who would be most likely to come up to his idea of a fitting partner for her, and an acceptable son-in-law to himself. His choice fell on the only son of a German neighbor a few miles off—a slow, steady-going young man. He never thought of what Bettina would say or who she would like, and if he had given it a passing thought it would never have entered his head to consult or defer to her feelings; still less did he dream for one moment of her venturing to thwart or cross his wishes. And with Diedrich to resolve was to carry into effect. Bettina, however, had other admirers, and one of the most favored hitherto was the young man seated by her side. True, he was a poor one; his father was dead, and had left him naught but the remembrance of a loan of two thousand dollars which in the days of his prosperity he had loaned a poorer friend on his outstart into the world, the papers of which transaction he had lost. On his fall from independence to poverty he had made application to his now successful friend for the return of the loan, and had been told to prove the debt and it should be immediately paid. This, as I have said, he could not do; and he died, leaving an assurance to his son of having loaned the money, and hearty curses on the man who withheld it thus wrongfully. George Evans, the son, had tried more than once, but unsuccessfully, to obtain it, and was fain to do as well as he could without it.

Soon after the events above narrated another actor appeared on the scene in the person of a young gentleman, the son of a wealthy merchant in New York. He came to spend the summer with an old bachelor uncle, and to retire for a time from the gayeties of the town, where he had been living a somewhat dissipated life. He saw Bettina in all her freshness of youthful beauty, and the sight refreshed his jaded senses; and from first seeing her and visiting her, as an entire change and amusement, he grew to love her—at least to love as much as such a nature could do. Alas! poor Bettina was taken with the, to her, polished manners of the city youth, and in time gave him what he was utterly unworthy of—her whole heart. They were eventually married, secretly; and when at length it came to Diedrich's ears (as in time it did) he was so enraged he turned Bettina out of doors, and henceforward her name was never mentioned in his hearing. A sister—a stern, cross old maid—came to live with him and keep house for him. George Evans felt his loss keenly at first; but time softened his grief, and he took to the stage—for which he had always shown a predilection—for his livelihood, and he bade fair to become a clever actor. He had never, however, given up the determination to recover his father's money from the man Benson, to whom he had lent it.

The quiet little town of Sleepy Hollow was on the eve of retiring to rest; several oil-lamps had retired from public life (gas had not then been introduced), after winking in a mysterious manner to their companions to follow their example; the shops in the only street—the High Street, of course—had already let down blinds and put up shutters; the rain was falling in torrents; the wind-screens on the chimney-tops were veering in all directions, as if performing a demoniac polka with the inconstant wind; a miserable wet night, about ten o'clock, and not a soul stirring. The three policemen had gone to the station; the thieves, if there were any, were afraid of catching cold; the doctor had just returned from a country visit, and was putting up his horse in the little stable behind his house; the waiters at the big wooden hotel were busy removing the remains of supper; and far away from the sitting-room, in a low, dingy, little bedroom, which served him for parlor as well, a young man was standing with his arms folded across his breast, and looking into a trunk which he had recently opened.

"A stock in trade," he said, "from which something may be made, after all! Yes, from that small box may be evoked powers as tremendous as the Jinn's in the Arabian Nights—wealth, happiness, revenge!—and that's the best of all!"

Nothing was visible to account for these glowing anticipations. The contents seemed of the ordinary kind—clothes; not many, nor very splendid in material; only among them were mixed up pieces of apparel belonging properly to the softer sex—crumpled-up bonnets, worn-out old shawls, faded cotton gowns. Poor fellow! he was perhaps bringing down presents to an aunt. They couldn't be very expensive ones; but the kindness of the remembrance would make up for want of value.

"Hark! ten o'clock!" he said, as the clock struck the hour in the hall of the hotel. "I must be off, or the old rascal will have shut up shop!"

He buttoned his coat, threw a horse-cloth over his shoulders, and went out into the dusky street.

"I saw it," he said, "at the corner of the staircase. If the villain hasn't moved it all will go well. If he has, how can I describe it without exciting suspicion?"

One shop was open in the cross-road at the top of the main street. A great glaring lamp still flourished in front of the window; under it, and sheltered by a sort of veranda that projected over half the pavement, was standing a deal table, with two chairs on the top of it; on them were various articles of crockery-ware, useful and ornamental; a small looking-glass, marked, in chalk, "half a dollar;" and between the chairs a little pile of books, the lowest being the "Whole Duty of Man," and the highest several numbers of old periodicals. Inside of the dark recess, where second-hand furniture, etc., were piled up on both sides of a narrow passage, sat a man with a pen behind his ear; a ledger lay on the desk before him, which he might perhaps have been able to read, if he had felt so inclined, with the aid of a very thin and dirty candle, which was stuck into an ink-bottle—but his studies lay in another direction. He was absorbed in thought.

"After all," he thought, "what good has it done me? It isn't so great a sum when all's told. Two thousand dollars. It ruined George Evans though," he began again. "His father should have kept his papers better. If the man was fool enough to lend me the money, and lost my note of hand, what business is it of mine, that his son must lose the whole of it? Did I make the law? If they had brought me my acknowledgment wouldn't the money have been paid? The lad has given up pestering me with his letters. I hope never to hear of him again; besides, the Statute of Limitations makes it also safe, and the money by this time would all have been spent; for I hear he has turned a reprobate and gone on the stage. This is a wicked world, and theatres are the schools of Satan. Amen!"

This ejaculation was uttered aloud, and was considered by the utterer of it—the worthy Mr. Benson, pawn-broker and second-hand furniture dealer—the bond and seal of all religious observations. It was heard by the young man in the horse-cloth wrapper.

"I'm glad you're not shut up, Sir," he said, going through the narrow gang-way to the end of the room. "I want to do a little business with you."

"A watch?" said Mr. Benson, opening a little drawer in which lay a number of square tickets of dirty paper.

"No, I don't happen to have such a thing," replied the visitor. "I come to buy something. As I passed the shop to-day I saw a piece of furniture I require; a narrow case with drawers in it, of oak I think it was. Ah! there it is, just under the staircase!"

"Of oak, indeed! you may say of the very finest oak that ever grew. Why, that oak would fetch a large price, independent of the great convenience of the drawers. I paid a pretty sum for it at Squire Diedrich's sale when the old gentleman died ten days since; it had been in his family, they said, two hundred years—a very fine piece of furniture, and dirt cheap at six dollars."

"I'm no great judge of these things," said the young man; "but I have an aunt in the town who is in want of just such an article. I wish to make her a present of it; and I will pay for it now, on condition that if she doesn't like it you shall take it back and supply me with another article to-morrow morning."

"Very fair—that's very fair—but how can I send it to-night?"

"Nay, that must be part of the bargain," replied the purchaser, counting the money into Mr. Benson's hand; "and you must also give me a receipt for the—what shall we call it?—the wardrobe, with all it contains, for fortunes are sometimes found in very odd places," he added, with a smile. "I've heard of chair-bottoms being stuffed with notes."

"I'll run the risk of all that," said Mr. Benson, writing the receipt, "and as to carrying it home, it ain't very heavy. I'll manage that. What's the address?"

"Mrs. Truman, No. 2 Tarrytown Lane," replied the youth; "not a very elegant part of the town, but the poor must live somewhere."

"It's a very dark lane," said the furniture broker.

"Couldn't you wait till to-morrow morning? A man was robbed and murdered there twenty years ago."

"Oh, things are improved since then," said the young man with a laugh; "besides, an old chest of drawers is not so very tempting a property in spite of the soundness of the oak and the time it was in Squire Diedrich's possession."

Mr. Benson looked at his visitor with doubt at first; but he saw nothing but the fine open countenance of a young man of twenty-two, and gradually became satisfied that there was nothing to be afraid of. For one instant a thought even came into his head to invite the purchaser to take a glass of gin-and-water; but it died away like other good resolutions.

"If you arrive at my aunt's before me," said the young man, "say I sent her the wardrobe; but I hope to be there in time to receive you."

So saying, he wrapped his horse-cloth round him, and departed. Mr. Benson looked round well pleased. He had ended the day well by disposing of a useless piece of lumber at a considerable price. "He must be very fond of his aunt, that young man," he said, "and if she's no better judge of furniture than he is I wish she would come and deal at my shop." He cast a look round to see that there was no risk from candle or lamp, hoisted the wardrobe on his shoulder, locked the door, and walked rapidly toward the lane. On arriving at No. 2 he knocked gently at the door, but received no answer for some time.

"Why, this is the house that has been empty so long! I didn't know any one had taken it. Where did they get their furniture?"

Another louder knock produced a motion within; a step sounded in the passage, and an old lady opened the door. She seemed astonished at the lateness of the visit.

"I was just going to bed," she said, "and only sat up to let in my nephew. He is longer of coming than he said."

"He'll be here immediately," replied Mr. Benson, "and in the mean time has presented you with this very handsome piece of furniture. He has paid for it—all, except the porterage—and the solid oak is no joke to carry on a night like this."

"If my nephew was here," said the old lady, "I would ask you to come in; but I'm a lone woman, and it wouldn't be proper—there's sixpence for the carriage, and I'm greatly obliged to the dear boy. He's always so thoughtful of his poor old aunt."

"Pray, ma'am, have you been long in this cottage?" inquired Mr. Benson; "and may I ask you where the furniture came from?"

"My nephew took the house for me three days ago. Some of the furniture came by boat from New York—and the rest, we hope, will arrive in a day or two."

"If you require any additional articles you will find the best qualities and lowest prices at my shop," said Mr. Benson, putting the poor woman's sixpence into his pocket, and resuming his homeward way. "I don't like this," he said, as he splashed up the High Street. "There's something curious about that old woman. Why did she give me twelve cents?—looking so wretchedly poor too? And why did she seem so delighted to lay hands on the wardrobe? I'm sorry I let it go at six dollars. The young fool would have given double the money; but I'm always so soft-hearted. I shall never be rich, but what of that? Wealth is not happiness. Amen!"

He extinguished the flaring lamp at the front of his premises; removed the table and all that it contained within the door; turned the key on the inside, and drawing out from a secret drawer a bottle of gin, and lifting a kettle from the fire which had hitherto glowed unseen behind a set of window curtains hung over the model of a suspension bridge, he proceeded to concoct a pretty strong tumbler, which he applied to his lips with the self-satisfied air of a man who felt that he had deserved some relaxation and enjoyment after the labors of a well-spent day. A pipe, also, soon added its perfume, and he sat like a great Indian idol, inhaling the incense of his gin and tobacco, blandly smiling as the smoke curled in gay wreaths round the bowl of his long clay, and occasionally sipping the comfortable potation before him. The clocks, which had either been sent to him in pledge, or were arranged on different brackets for sale, kept up a miscellaneous concert of hours from one o'clock to twelve; for they were not by any means particular in their notions either of time or tune; but as a majority seemed to be of opinion it was getting near midnight, the contemplative proprietor lighted one more pipe, poured forth one other libation, and carefully locked away the now half-empty bottle in the sanctum devoted to its custody. He watched once more the curls of the smoke; but fancy was at work, and aided the wreaths as they rose, twisting them into excellent chests of drawers, or handsome mahogany side-boards, on which he expected enormous profits; into little cottages they expanded themselves, which he felt sure he could buy for very little money; then, as the candle began to burn less clearly, he saw one of the large puffs, which he traced with more than usual attention, convert itself into a bed in a dingy little apartment, and through the half-drawn curtains he saw the emaciated countenance of a dying man. The fire uttered a little sound at this moment, as the coals collapsed to the bottom of the grate, and he thought the noise it made formed itself into words for the old man's lips: "I lent him the money, George—two thousand dollars. I have lost the note of hand; but if he doesn't pay it he is a villain, and will repent it when the hour comes on him as it does on me now."

"Nonsense! folly! madness!" cried Mr. Benson, pushing back his chair, and hurrying the tumbler to his lips. "Would the man have me give the money to every person that chose to say that he had lent it, with nothing to show for it but a white-faced, dying old— Ha! a carriage at my door at this hour!—a knocking!—who can it be? Some one in distress—coming to pledge their—coming, coming!"

He opened the door and peeped out through the falling rain. A carriage, covered with mud and dripping with wet, was at the sidewalk. The driver let down the steps and a lady tripped lightly across the sloppy pavement and entered the shop.

"The carriage will wait," she said; "turn the key and double-lock—for I have something of importance to say to you."

Mr. Benson said nothing, but went up the narrow gangway with the flickering candle in his hand, followed by his visitor. He set down the light and looked carefully into the woman's face. It was flushed and excited; the eyes flashed with great brilliancy, and her lips quivered with agitation—a tall, masculine woman, plainly dressed, and evidently under the influence of some strong feeling.

"You are Mr. Benson the broker?" she said.

"I am; and dealer in second-hand furniture, books, statues, and miscellaneous articles, clocks, watches, wearing apparel, and double-barrel guns."

"You attended the sale at Squire Diedrich's last Wednesday?"

"I did."

"Did you buy it?"

"What?"

"I forgot. I haven't told you. I won't tell you. What did you pay for all the articles you bought there at the sale?"

"I got tolerable bargains, ma'am; I don't deny that—the family all dispersed—no near relations. I paid for all I had there a matter of $75 or perhaps $100."

"Will you make me out a list of them?—transfer them at once to me?—and I will give you a thousand across the table?"

Mr. Benson looked at the woman as she spoke.

"No, Madam," he said, "one thousand's too little. If it's worth one thousand to you, it's worth a deal more to me."

"We won't fight about that. What did you buy?—beds? sofas? drawers?—let me see the list."

He took from a wire that hung from the cross-bar of his desk the auctioneer's account. The woman gazed at it; and on coming near the end started.

"Yes," she said, "here it is. What do you ask for all? But tush! I want nothing but one small article. Keep the rest of the trash. Give me the oak wardrobe with the four drawers in it and I will give you what you demand. Come!"

"I can't," said Mr. Benson, turning pale, and trembling with agitation. "It's gone—sold—delivered—lost."

"Fool!" cried the woman. "You have ruined me and yourself. That wardrobe would have enriched us both. Why did not the villains advertise the sale? I would have come to it if I had been dying. Can you recover it? Who bought it? Will money tempt them to sell it again? Tell me the name of the purchaser and I will get possession of it yet."

"I don't remember the name of the person—it might, however, be possible—I don't say it would—to recover the furniture still."

"Give me the address—quick—I will go any where after it—any where."

"Why are you so very curious about a common chest of drawers? I examined it very carefully, I assure you; they are nothing but ordinary oak—no secret recesses—no hidden springs; there's surely some mistake about it."

"There's no mistake. Did you take out the drawers when you made your examination? Did you turn the top one upside down? Did you see that the bottom was thick and heavy—that it was double? That it might contain documents, notes, a will, receipts, acknowledgments?"

"No, I didn't turn it out. I'm an unsuspicious, innocent man, grossly imposed on—ruined. Amen!"

The pawnbroker seemed so overcome that the woman was melted.

"Hear what I tell you," she said. "If we arrange matters together we may yet be rich. Do I understand that you will share with me whatever that drawer contains?"

"What *does* it contain?" inquired Benson, in a whisper. "Does it contain any thing?"

"Why do I offer you hundreds for it?" inquired the woman. "But I will tell you all. Did you know Squire Deidrich?"

"No, I can't say I knew him. I once sold him a second-hand saddle; and he made some row about the stuffing coming out. I had to let him off for half the price agreed on."

"It's like him as he was of late—harsh, cold, selfish—so I was told. He was different long ago—very different."

"I didn't know him then," replied Mr. Benson. "What changed him so much?"

"His daughter. He had only one, and he had set his heart on her. She thwarted him in her marriage, and he never forgave it."

"Did you know her?"

"Did I know her! I ought to, seeing I was her aunt—Diedrich's only sister. I went to live with him after she had left; don't you see what's coming, old man? You must be dull as the wretched room you live in if you don't guess what followed."

"I can't," said Mr. Benson. "I'm trying; I can't."

"Not when I tell you how her father had set his heart on her marrying the only son of an old friend and neighbor—and for a time she seemed satisfied to do so—when one day there came to the town a young gentleman from New York—dashing, gay, and finely dressed. He saw Bettina, was struck with her freshness and beauty, got to speech of her, won her heart, and married her secretly, and then deserted her—the old story, the old story. Her father in anger turned her out of doors; forbade her name to be ever more mentioned. She wrote once; and he sent her letter back unopened. She never wrote again. The old house became dark and dismal. Diedrich went into the bedroom that had been hers on the day he heard of the marriage; seized the little oak wardrobe where she had kept her clothes. He emptied the drawers on the floor, and ordered me to remove the frocks and stockings and the blue silk jacket and the pink satin slippers, and all the things, and throw them into the fire. It was an old piece of furniture, and had belonged to our family for hundreds of years. It had once been the place where he kept his secret papers; his bonds and parchments were all in the front drawer; but in the top one there was a false bottom; there, in the thickness of the wood, he kept the things he cherished most—his dead wife's letters, the first copy-book of Bettina's, and the little notes she had sent him from school. Well, when he had turned all Bettina's clothes out of the bureau he opened the secret ledge, and calling me, said: 'Gretchen, I have saved all my life for Bettina, and intended this'—showing me a check for $10,000—'as her wedding dowry. I can not give it her now; but if, after I am dead and gone, that wretch of a husband of hers fails her (as I feel and know he will), you will know where to find sufficient for her and her family, as I shall put it in this secret drawer. Take care, however, her husband does not touch a cent of it. No one shall touch it till after I am dead.' So saying he pulled out the secret drawer at the top, laid the check lengthways on its back, and shut it up with a bang. He told me he had made it payable 'to bearer,' and had given instructions at the bank that whoever presented it should get the money. Soon after he died; and Bettina shortly after him. He gave me a silver pin that touches the spring, and showed me how to open it. From the hour he had placed it there until now no one has ever opened the drawer, and there the bill for ten thousand dollars lies. People wondered where all his money was when he died, and what had become of it. I alone knew."

"And I sold it for six dollars!" shrieked Mr. Benson, "to a miserable old woman. A ruined man! I've lost ten thousand dollars. The young man was too much for me. I hated him from the first—but vengeance will pursue him for his iniquity."

"But why was the sale so hurried?" continued Gretchen; "I left Diedrich six weeks ago looking strong—I could not get away when I first heard of his death; and in the mean time he was buried and his furniture sold, and now the money is lost, I fear. Go, give what sum you like, but get back the wardrobe, and we will divide the money."

"Equally!" exclaimed Mr. Benson, starting up; "where is the silver pin? Give it me—it is not too late to make the attempt to-night."

"Oh yes, it is though," said the woman. "*I'll* keep the key. What you have to do is to recover the wardrobe; or, if you will tell me the purchaser's address—"

"No, no, I'll keep that to myself," replied the broker, with a cunning look. "We'll open it in the presence of each other."

"I will be here at nine to-morrow morning," said Gretchen; "we understand the arrangements—good-night." So saying she slipped along the gangway, and got once more into the carriage.

"What a fool to think a drawer can't be opened with a hatchet in the absence of a silver pin!" said Benson.

The rain continued all the night through. Mr. Benson heard it as he lay awake flooding on roof and garret window. As soon as the dawn began to force its way through the watery air he sprang up and put on his clothes. Rapidly he pursued his way to No. 2 Tarrytown Lane, and standing before the door felt his pockets to see that the rouleaux of golden dollars were safe, for he fancied the sight of the yellow metal would have more effect than a mere promise to pay, or even a roll of notes. They were all right, four rolls of 500 dollars each. He knocked.

"Is Mr. Truman down stairs yet?" he asked, through the keyhole.

There was no answer, but in a short time he heard the rap of a small hammer. He knocked louder, and the rat, tat, tat of the hammer ceased. The door was opened. The person who opened it was Mrs. Truman's nephew.

"Hallo!" he said, "who expected to see you at such an early hour?"

"Business, my dear Sir. I find I made a little mistake last night. I sent your dear aunt the wrong article. I hope the old lady is well."

"Yes, she's very well," said the nephew; "a little tired with sitting up so late, but delighted with the wardrobe, I assure you. I was just trying to fit the drawers a little closer. The top one seems loose."

"I find the want of it destroys the set," said Mr. Benson. "Would you do me the favor to give it back to me? I will replace it with the best article in my shop."

"By no means," replied the youth. "I haven't had time to rummage it over yet. I told you fortunes were sometimes found in old family furniture."

There was a long pause. Mr. Benson was forming his calculations. He recommenced the conversation in a whisper, urged his plea with all the eloquence in his power, calling a sight of the gold to his aid; and, finally, was seen proceeding through the falling rain with the richly-endowed wardrobe on his back. Hurriedly trotting up the High Street, he dashed into his shop, set his burden on the ground, tore the top drawer out upon the floor, and saw a small piece of paper pasted on the back. Was it the ten thousand dollar note? He rubbed his eyes—he looked closer—and he read the three following words:

"Quits. George Evans."

"Not a bad stock in trade," said the same young gentleman whom we encountered at the beginning of the story, Aunt Truman and Sister Gretchen all at once, as he (for George Evans, the young actor, had played all three parts) replaced certain articles of female apparel in his trunk. "When I have paid for the hire of the cottage and the wardrobe, and the sixpence to old Benson for bringing it down, I think it will leave the old ruffian's conscience clear, for he will have repaid me the two thousand dollars he borrowed from my father."

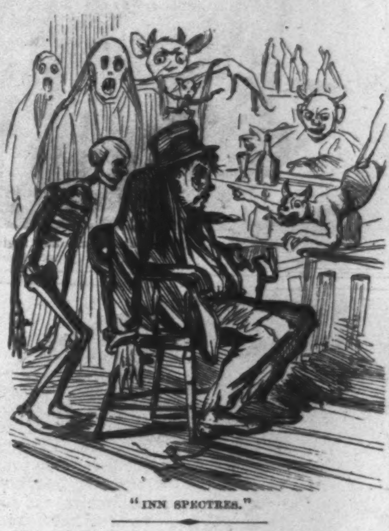
SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Somebody watches and waits for you—
  Thinks of you daily and dreams at night!
Well may the sky of your life be blue,
  Your hope of the future bright!
Over the land and the waters far
Somebody's wondering where you are,
Praying his love may be like a star
  Lighting you home to somebody!

Ah! I wonder if ever for me
  Somebody's heart will grow heavy or light?
Ah! I wonder if I may be
  A star to shine in somebody's night?
Will somebody ever call me "dear!"
And say, "My darling! you need not fear,
You need not tremble, for I am here—
  And you're all the world to somebody?"

Carl Spencer.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



"Inn Spectres."

If a raft of lumber contains several million feet, how many wooden legs will it produce?

Typographical.—How does a mother obtain a first impression of her baby?—By setting it up in "small caps."

Motto for Billiard Players.—"To the Rest-cue."

A sweet woman's soul sits and looks out of a bright eye like a cat out of a sunny window.

Old maids like cats because they give out "sparks" when they are rubbed.

A released convict from Auburn states that he admires glossy curls, but has lost all love for *Auburn locks*.

Mace, the London pugilist, declines to fight any more; he proposes to go to work in a spice mill.

A certain judge, who was notorious for carrying the precise and formal habits of the bench into private life, was one day entertaining some friends at his table, and asked a magistrate who was present if he would take some venison. "Thank you, my lord," was the reply, "I am going to take some boiled chicken." "That, Sir," testily answered the judge, "is no answer to my question. I ask you again if you will take some venison, Sir, and I will trouble you to say 'yes' or 'no' without further prevarication."

Printers are prominent among the Fenian insurgents in Ireland. Won't they be handy with the pike-ch (Pica)?

PROVERBS.

Most sticks have two ends, and a muff gets hold of the wrong one.

The good boy studies his lesson; the bad boy gets it.

If sixpence were sunshine it would never be lost in the giving.

Three removes are better than a dessert.

Dinner deferred maketh the hungry man mad.

They are scarce of horse-flesh that eat saddle of mutton.

Forty winks of five million is one sleep.

What is done can not be underdone.

You can't make a pair of shoes out of a pig's tail.

Dinner hour is worth every other, except bedtime.

No hair-dresser puts grease into a wise man's head.

An upright judge for a downright rogue.

Look before you sit.

Believe twice as much as you hear of a lady's age.

Content is the conjuror that turns mock-turtle into real.

There is no one who perseveres in well-doing like a thorough humbug.

Education won't polish boots.

Experience is the mother of gumption.

Knowledge without practice makes poor Pilgarlic.

Utopia hath no law.

Care will kill a cat; carelessness a Christian.

He who lights his candle at both ends spills grease.

Keep your jokes to yourself, and repeat other people's.

It does not follow that a man who bolts his food will have the lock-jaw.

The *English Independent* tells that the late Rev. William Thorpe, of Bristol, was so stout that on one occasion, when about to take part in an ordination service, it was found that the pulpit was too narrow to admit him in the ordinary way, and he had to be assisted over the side into his seat. He then rose to deliver his address. It was on "The Importance of a Right Introduction into the Christian Ministry," and he founded his discourse on the parable in which it is declared that "he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep, while he that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

The Bay of Fun-dy and the Bey of All-jeers are two different things, quite.

What day in the year is an injunction to go forward?—March 4th.

Seasonable Advice.—We recommend our young friends who are anxious to begin the croquet season to wait a little longer. To venture on lawns in the present weather would be to commence an unpleasantly "croaky" season.

Orpheus was the proprietor of a wild-beast show in Greece, and, though tobacco was unknown in those days, he tamed the animals by soothing their "savage breasts" with a pipe. He was the first person who ever taught bears to dance. He even coaxed his wife out of what ladies term a "sinking" by giving her a constant change of airs; and when she eloped with a mysterious stranger, who had conceived a Plutonic affection for her, he "luted" her from the abode of the ravishing deity, and induced her to join him in the duet of "Home, sweet Home!"

All that Edgar A. Poe required to make him a poet was T.

Very Natural.—"The Pope," said Paterfamilias, reading his newspaper aloud, "disapproves of the proposed liquidation of the Church property in Italy." "To be sure he does, papa," observed his daughter Caroline; "because, of course, the liquidation would make it all run away."

What is the highest proof brandy?—The water-proof.

What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza?—One knows the stops, and the other stops the nose.

A bishop, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions met with a friend's game-keeper, whom he sharply reproved for inattention to his religious duties, exhorting him strenuously to "go to church and read his Bible." The keeper, in an angry mood, responded, "Why, I do read my Bible, Sir, but I don't find in it any mention of the apostles going a-shooting." "No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

"How sharp your toe-nails is!" said Paddy, when he caught a hornet and held it in his hand.

THE GOOD WIFE.

It is just as you say, neighbor Green,
  A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
  I never have found in my life.
But then she keeps every one else
  As busy as birds on the wing:
There is never a moment for rest,
  She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town,
  Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
  Her crullers and puddings just right.
But then while I eat them she tells
  Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toil she endures—
  Oh, she's such a fidgety thing!

My house is as neat as a pin,
  You should see how the door-handles shine,
And all of the soft-cushioned chairs
  And nicely-swept carpets are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
  At a fly, at a straw, at a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
  She is such a fidgety thing.

She doctors the neighbors—oh, yes.
  If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffrons and squills,
  Her dainty-made gruels and soup.
But then she insists on her right
  To physic my blood in the spring;
And she takes the whole charge of my bile—
  Oh, she's such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself,
  My shirts are bleached white as the snow;
My old clothes look better than new,
  Yet daily more threadbare they grow.
But then if a morsel of lint
  Or dust on my trowsers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
  She is such a fidgety thing.

You have heard of a spirit so meek,
  So meek that it never opposes,
Its own it dares never to speak—
  Alas! I am meeker than Moses.
But then I am not reconciled
  The subordinate music to sing;
I submit to get rid of a row,
  She is such a fidgety thing.

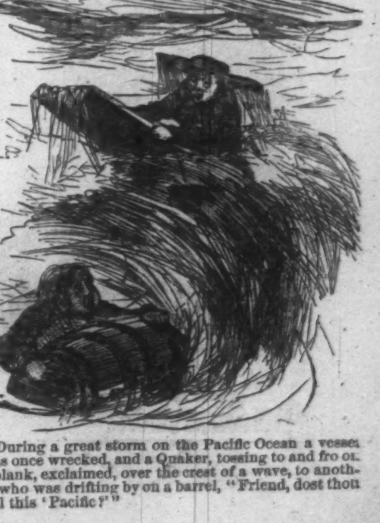
It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
  A treasure to me has been given;
But sometimes I fain would be glad
  To lay up my treasure in heaven.
But then every life has its cross,
  Most pleasures on earth have their sting;
She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green,
  But she's such a fidgety thing.

When a mysterious phenomenon produced a large chasm in the Forum at Rome the priests declared that it would never close till the most valuable article in the city had been thrown into it. On this Marcus Curtius, a young swell in the Blues, immediately jumped into the yawning gulf, exclaiming that "he never saw a better opening for a spirited young man." The chasm then closed, the priests declaring that the gods were satisfied, that the most "precious spoon" in all Rome had been engulfed by it.

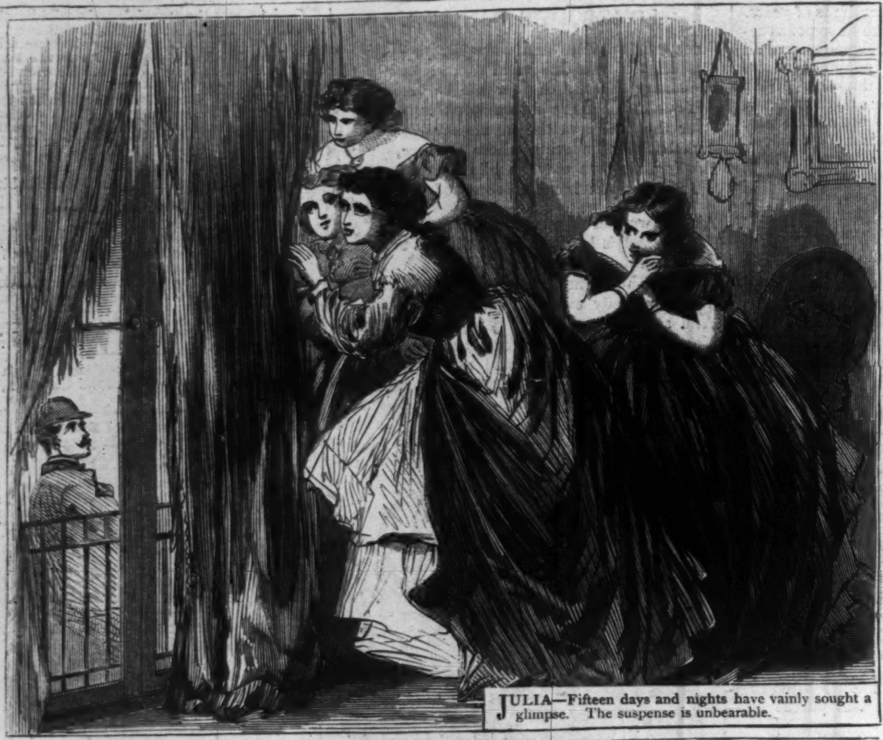
When is a man not a man?—when he is a-bed.

A woman named Watters has committed suicide by swallowing paraffine oil. A simple remedy this, of "pouring oil on the troubled waters."

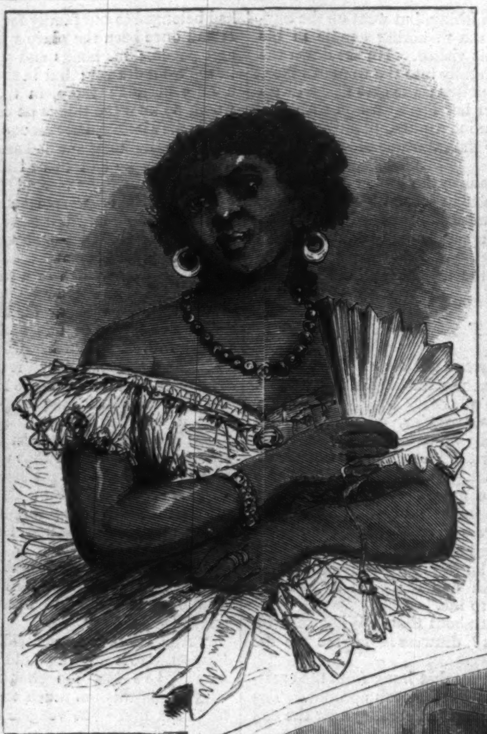
The first person who ever took a Turkish Bath was Leander, and it quite cured his mania for hero-worship.



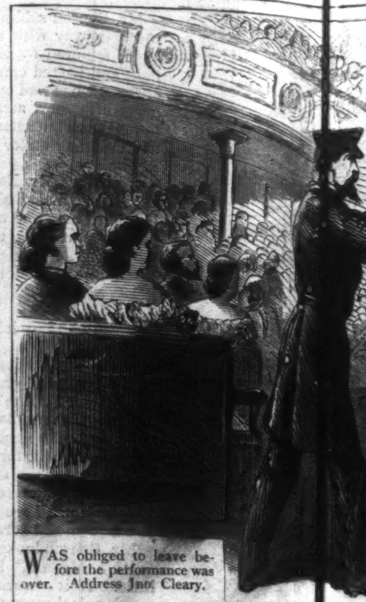
During a great storm on the Pacific Ocean a vessel was once wrecked, and a Quaker, tossing to and fro on a plank, exclaimed, over the crest of a wave, to another who was drifting by on a barrel, "Friend, dost thou call this 'Pacific?'"



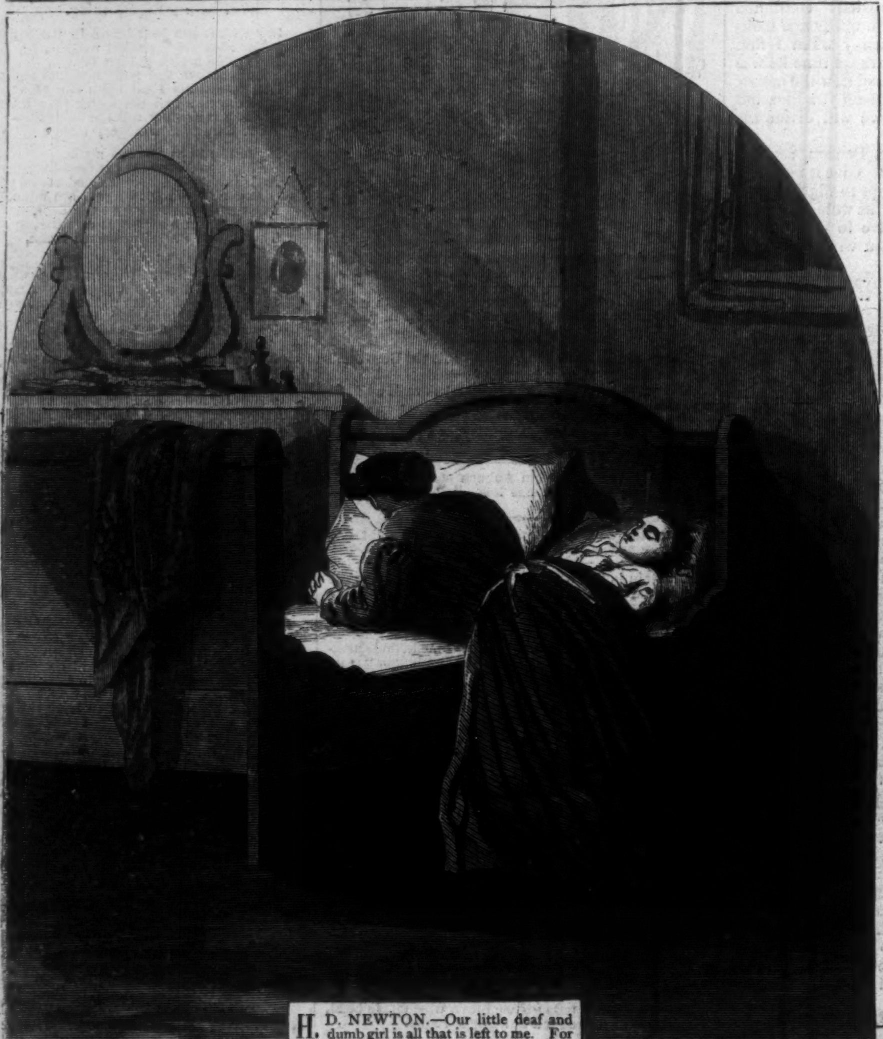
JULIA—Fifteen days and nights have vainly sought a glimpse. The suspense is unbearable.



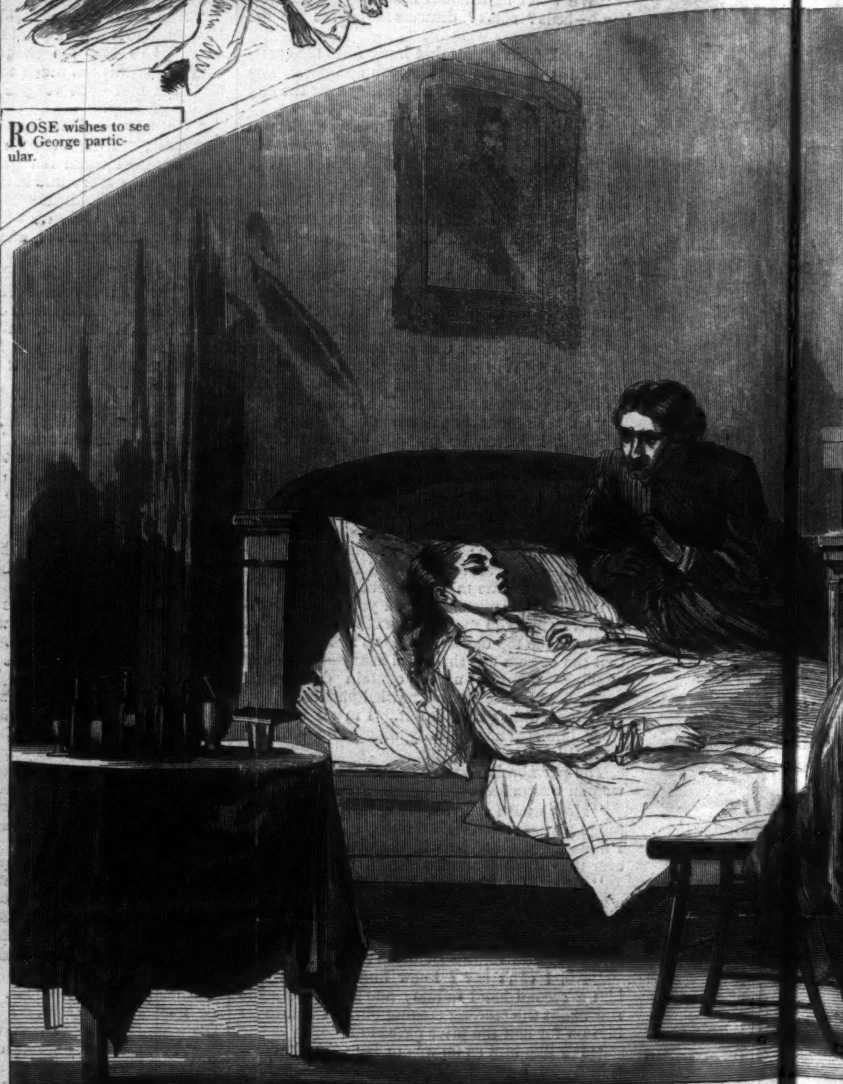
ROSE wishes to see George particular.



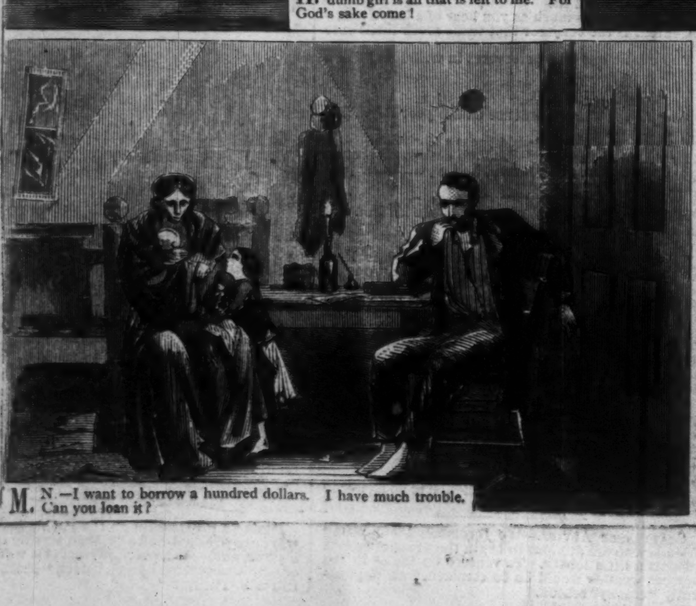
WAS obliged to leave before the performance was over. Address Jno. Cleary.



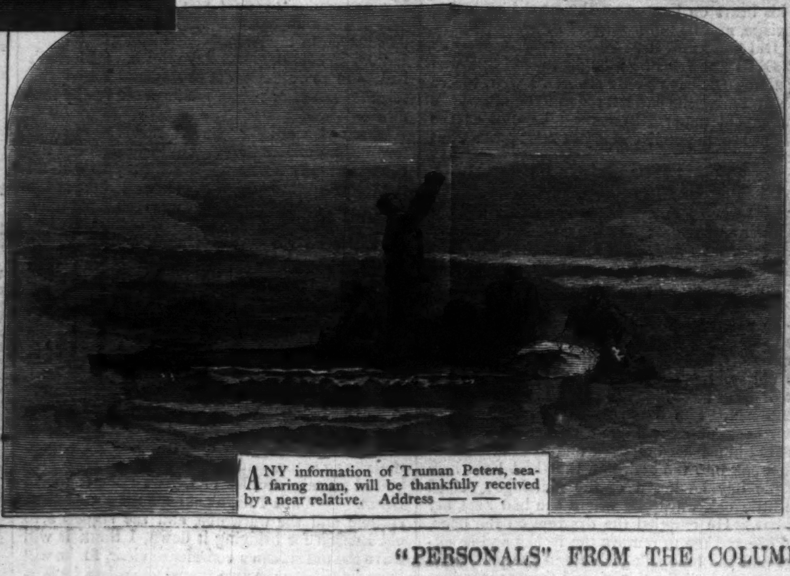
H. D. NEWTON.—Our little deaf and dumb girl is all that is left to me. For God's sake come!



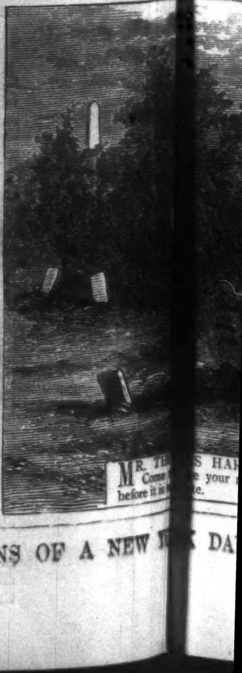
MR. SAMUEL K. is req turn home i diately: the point of death.



M. N.—I want to borrow a hundred dollars. I have much trouble. Can you loan it?

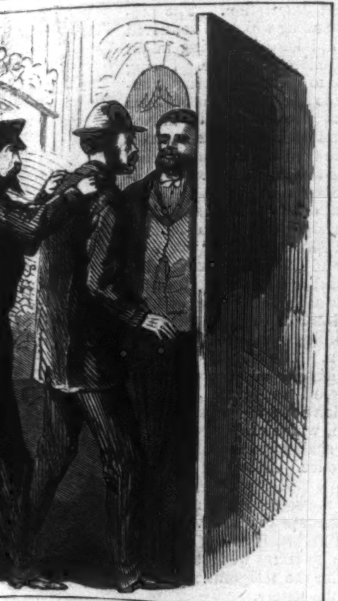


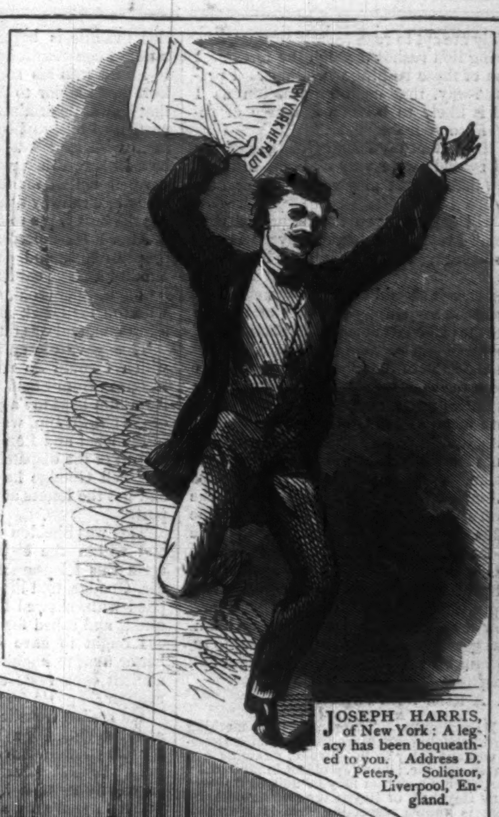
ANY information of Truman Peters, seafaring man, will be thankfully received by a near relative. Address —— ——.



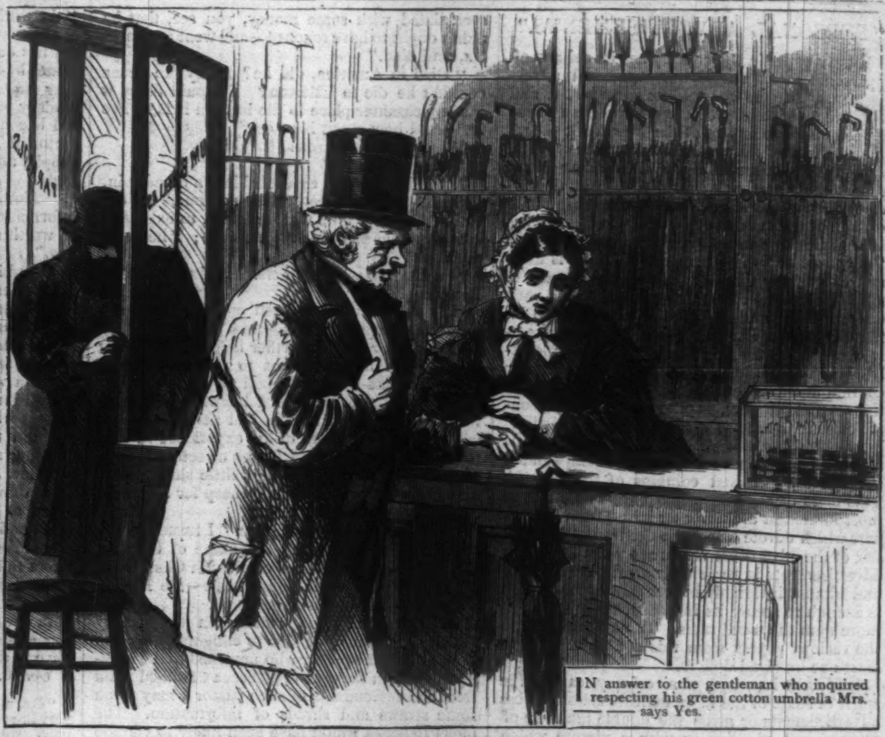
MR. TH S HAR Come e your before it is e.

“PERSONALS” FROM THE COLUMNS OF A NEW DA

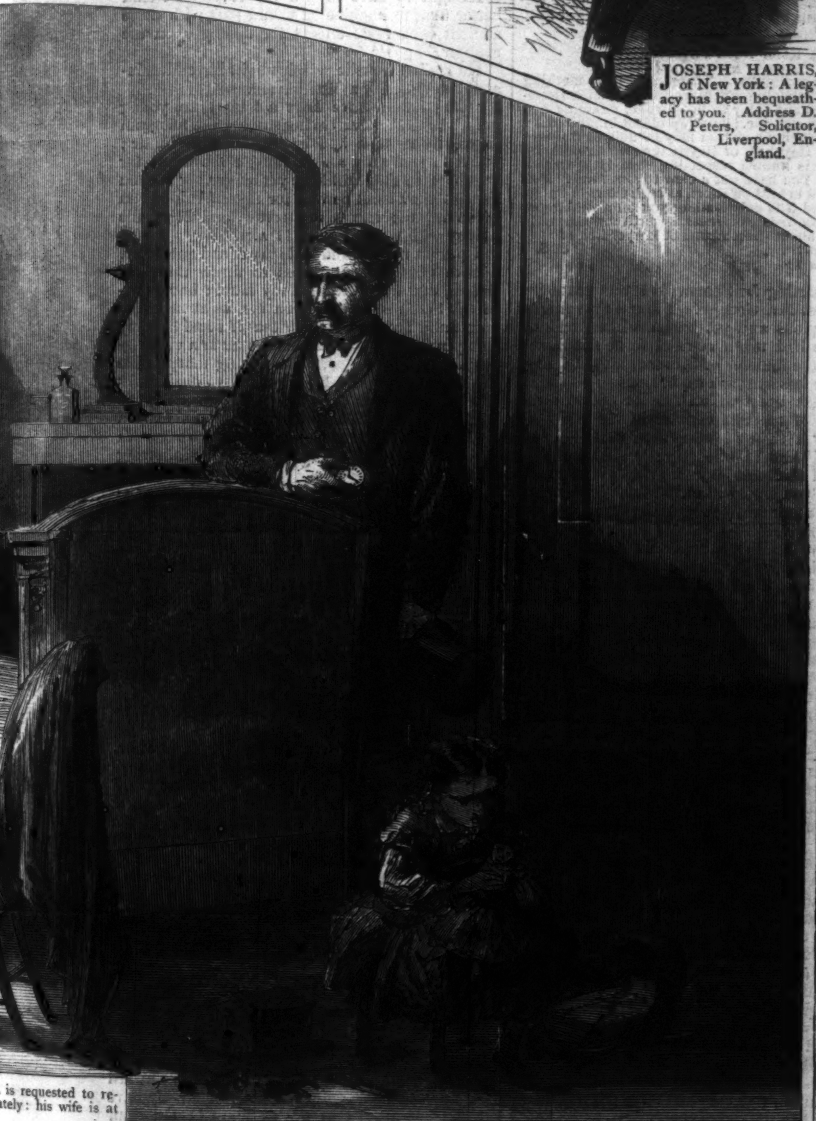




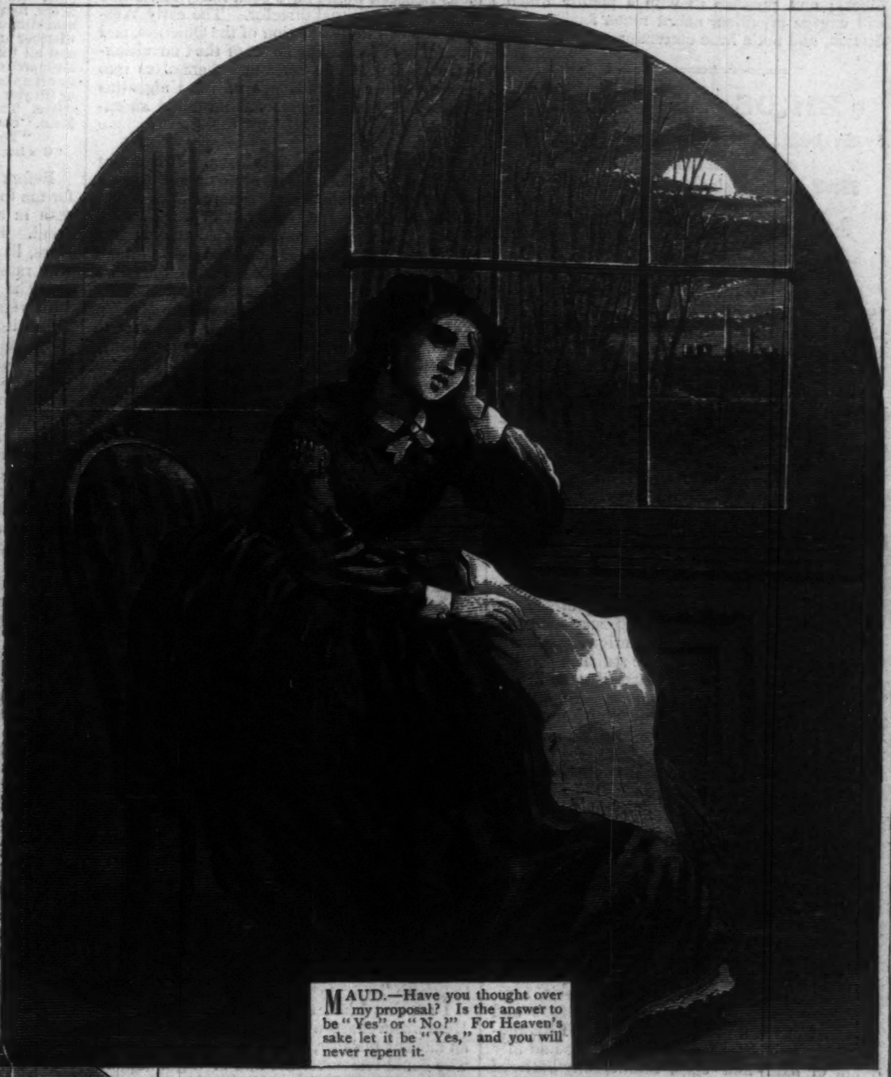
JOSEPH HARRIS, of New York: A legacy has been bequeathed to you. Address D. Peters, Solicitor, Liverpool, England.



IN answer to the gentleman who inquired respecting his green cotton umbrella Mrs. —— —— says Yes.

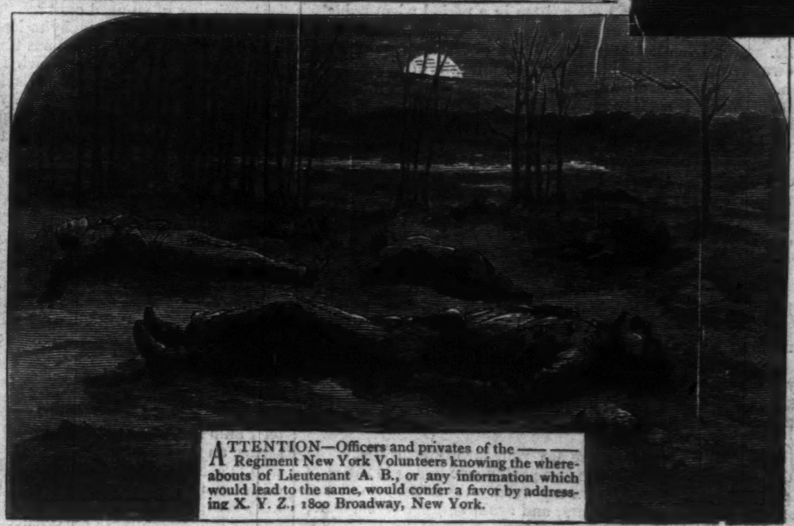


is requested to re-
tately: his wife is at

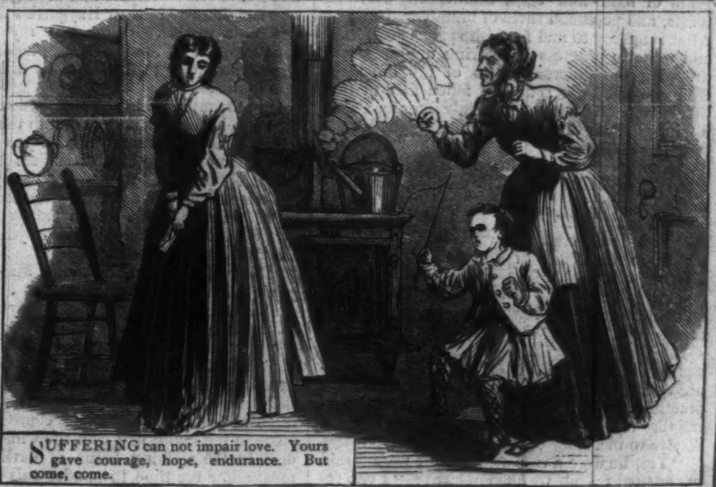


MAUD.—Have you thought over my proposal? Is the answer to be "Yes" or "No?" For Heaven's sake let it be "Yes," and you will never repent it.

HARDY—
your mother



ATTENTION—Officers and privates of the —— Regiment New York Volunteers knowing the whereabouts of Lieutenant A. B., or any information which would lead to the same, would confer a favor by addressing X. Y. Z., 1800 Broadway, New York.



SUFFERING can not impair love. Yours gave courage, hope, endurance. But come, come.

DAILY NEWSPAPER.—[Illustrated by W. S. L. Jewett.]

"PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENTS."

EVERY paper in the country has its column of "personal intelligence," but "personal advertisements," such as we illustrate on pages 248 and 249, are a peculiarity of the metropolitan press. Indeed only one or two of the New York papers publish many of this character of advertisements, though in one of the dailies and one of the Sunday papers the "personals" form a distinct department, the various items frequently making a half column of each issue. Besides its legitimate use as a medium for advertising "heirs wanted," and "persons lost," the "personal" column is daily and extensively used for viler purposes; and is made the means of communication by the various and numerous classes of criminals which infest every great city like New York. Frequently advertisements may be seen, reading innocently enough at the first glance, but which are really communications between the worst character of thieves and burglars. Quite often the "personal" column is used as a means of "negotiation" between robber and victim; and several late instances might be noted of felonies compounded through the personal columns of the *Herald*. This class of advertisements pays well, and the most immodest are never excluded from the papers which devote a space to the purpose. Very few of the advertisers venture to "hand in" their advertisements in person, but send them by mail, and almost invariably inclose more money than is enough to secure its insertion, thus paying at more than the usual rates. The daily income to the various papers from this source alone is at least one hundred dollars.

Our artist has, with a nice fancy, caught the spirit of some of the more delicate class of these advertisements or given the double meaning of others; and presents us with a picture which will engage attention, afford much food for reflection, and not a little entertainment.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book IV.—Valentine Hawkehurst's Record.

CHAPTER III.

MR. GOODGE'S WIDOW.

October 5. My dreams last night were haunted by the image of gray-eyed Molly, with her wild loose hair. She must needs have been a sweet creature; and how she came among those prim fishy-eyed men and women with absurd head-gear is much more than I can understand. That she should mix herself up with Diana Paget, and play *rouge-et-noir* at Forêtdechêne in a tucked-up chintz gown and a quilted satin petticoat in my dreams last night—that I should meet her afterward in the little stucco temple on the Belgian hills, and stab her to the heart, whereon she changed into Charlotte Halliday—is only in the nature of dreams, and therefore no subject for wonder.

On referring to Sheldon's letter I found that the next people to be looked up were descendants of Brice the lawyer; so I devoted my breakfast-hour to the cultivation of an intimacy with the oldest of the waiters—a very antique specimen of his brotherhood, with a white stubble upon his chin and a tendency to confusion of mind in the matter of forks and spoons.

"Do you know, or have you ever known, an attorney of the name of Brice in this town?" I asked him.

He rubbed the white stubble contemplatively with his hand, and then gave his poor old head a dejected shake. I felt at once that I should get very little good out of *him*.

"No," he murmured, despondently, "not that I can call to mind."

I should like to know what he *could* call to mind, piteous old meanderer!

"And yet you belong to Ullerton, I suppose?"

"Yes; and have belonged to it these seventy-five years, man and boy; whereby no doubt the dreary confusion of the unhappy being's mind. Figurez donc, mon cher Qui-que-ce-soit, fifty-five years or so of commercial breakfasts and dinners in such a place as Ullerton. Five-and-fifty years of steaks and chops; five-and-fifty years of ham-and-eggs, indifferently-buttered toasts, and perennial sixes of brandy-and-water! After rambling to and fro with spoons and forks, and while in progress of clearing my table, and dropping the different items of my breakfast equipage, the poor soddened faded face of this dreary wanderer became suddenly illumined with a faint glimmer that was almost the light of reason.

"There were a Brice in Ullerton when I were a lad; I've heard father tell on him," he murmured, slowly.

"An attorney?"

"Yes. He were a rare wild one, he was! It was when the Prince of Wales were Regent for his poor old mad father, as the saying is, and folks were wilder like in general in those times, and wore spencers—lawyer Brice wore a plum-colored one."

Imagine then again, my dear, an attorney in a plum-colored spencer! Who, in these enlightened days, would trust his business to such a practitioner? I perked up considerably, believing that my aged imbecile was going to be of real service to me.

"Yes, he were a rare wild one, he were," said my ancient friend, with excitement; "I can remember him as well as if it was yesterday, at Tiverford races—there was races at Tiverford in those days, and gentlemen-jocks. Lawyer Brice rode his roan mare—Queen Charlotte they called her. But after that he went wrong, folks said—speckilated with some money, you see, that he didn't ought to have touched—and went to America, and died."

"Died in America, did he? Why the deuce couldn't he die in Ullerton? I should fancy it was a pleasanter place to die in than it is to live in. And how about his sons?"

"Lawyer Brice's sons?"

"Yes, of course."

My imbecile's lips expanded into a broad grin.

"Lawyer Brice never had no sons," he exclaimed, with a tone which seemed to express a contemptuous pity for my ignorance; "he never married."

"Well, well; his brothers. He had brothers, I suppose?"

"Not as *I* ever heard tell on," answered my imbecile, relapsing into hopeless inanity.

It was clear that no further help was to be obtained from him. I went to the landlord—a brisk business-like individual of Transatlantic go-aheadism. From him I learned that there were no Brices in Ullerton, and never had been within the thirty years of his experience in that town. He gave me an Ullerton directory in confirmation of that fact—a neat little shilling volume, which I begged leave to keep for a quarter of an hour before returning it.

Brice was evidently a failure. I turned to the letter G, and looked up the name of Goodge. Goodge, Jonah, minister of Beulah Chapel, resided at No. 7 Waterhouse Lane—the lane in which I had seen the chapel.

I determined upon waiting on the worthy Goodge. He may be able to enlighten me as to the name of the pastor who preached to the Wesleyan flock in the time of Rebecca Caulfield; and from the descendants of such pastor I may glean some straws and shreds of information. The pious Rebecca would have been likely to confide much to her spiritual director. The early Wesleyans had all the exaltation of the Quietists, and something of the lunatic fervor of the Convulsionists, who kicked and screamed themselves into epilepsy under the influence of the Unigenitus Bull. The pious Rebecca was no doubt an enthusiast.

I found No. 7 Waterhouse Lane. It is a neat little six-roomed house, with preternaturally green palings inclosing about sixty square feet of bright yellow gravel, adorned by a row of whitewashed shells. Some scarlet geraniums bloomed in pots of still more vivid scarlet; and the sight of those bright red blossoms recalled Philip Sheldon's garden at Bayswater, and that sweet girl by whose side I have walked its trim pathways.

But business is business; and if I am ever to sue for my Charlotte's hand, I must present myself before her as the winner of the three thousand. Remembering this, I lifted Mr. Goodge's knocker, and presently found myself in conversation with that gentleman.

Whether unordained piety has a natural tendency to become greasy of aspect, and whether, among the many miracles vouchsafed to the amiable and really great Wesley, he received for his disciples of all time to come the gift of a miraculous straightness and lankiness of hair, I know not; but I do know that every Methodist parson I have had the honor to know has been of one pattern, and that Mr. Goodge is no exception to the rule.

I am bound to record that I found him a very civil person, quite willing to afford me any help in his power, and far more practical and business-like than the rector of Dewsdale.

It seems that the gift of tongues descended on the Goodges during the lifetime of John Wesley himself, and during the earlier part of that teacher's career. It was a Goodge who preached in the draper's warehouse, and it was the edifying discourse of a Goodge which developed the piety of Miss Rebecca Caulfield, afterward Mrs. Haygarth.

"That Goodge was my great-uncle," said the courteous Jonah, "and there was no one in Ullerton better acquainted with Rebecca Caulfield. I've heard my grandmother talk of her many a time. She used to send him poultry and garden-stuff from her house at Dewsdale, and at his instigation she contributed handsomely to the erection of the chapel in which it is my privilege to preach."

I felt that I had struck upon a vein of gold. Here was a sharp-witted, middle-aged man—not an ancient mariner, or a meandering imbecile—who could remember the talk of a grandmother who had known Matthew Haygarth's wife. And this visit to Mr. Goodge was my own idea not prompted by the far-seeing Sheldon. I felt myself advancing in the insidious arts of a private inquirer.

"I am employed in the prosecution of a business which has a *remote* relation to the Haygarth family history," I said; "and if you can afford me any information on that subject I should be extremely obliged."

I emphasized the adjective "remote," and felt myself, in my humble way, a Talleyrand.

"What kind of information do you require?" asked Mr. Goodge, thoughtfully.

"Any information respecting Matthew Haygarth or his wife."

Mr. Goodge became profoundly meditative after this.

"I am not given to act unadvisedly," he began—and I felt that I was in for a little professional discourse; "the creatures of impulse are the children of Satan, the babes of Lucifer, the infants of Beelzebub. I take counsel in the silence of the night, and wait the whispers of wisdom in the walking hours of darkness. You must allow me time to ponder this business in my heart and to be still."

I told Mr. Goodge that I would willingly await his own time for affording me any information in his power to give.

"That is pleasant," said the pastor, blandly; "the worldly are apt to rush blindly through life, as the roaring lion rushes through the forest. I am not one of those rushing worldlings. I presume, by-the-way, that such information as I may afford is likely to become a source of pecuniary profit to your employer."

I began to see that my friend Goodge and the rector of Dewsdale were very different kind of people, and that I must play my cards accordingly.

"That will depend upon the nature of your information," I replied, diplomatically; "it may be worth something to us, or it may be worthless."

"And in case it should be worth something?"

"In that case my employer would be glad to remunerate the person from whom he obtained it."

Mr. Goodge again became meditative.

"It was the habit of the sainted Wesley to take counsel from the Scriptures," he said, presently; "if you will call again to-morrow, young man, I shall have taken counsel, and may be able to entreat with you."

I did not much relish being addressed as "young man," even by such a shining light as the Rev. Jonah Goodge. But as I wanted the Rev. Jonah's aid, I submitted with a tolerable grace to his patriarchal familiarity, and bade him good-morning, after promising to call again the following day. I returned to my inn, and wrote to Sheldon in time for the afternoon mail, recounting my interview with Mr. Goodge, and asking how far I should be authorized to remunerate that gentleman, or to pledge myself to remunerate him for such information as he might have to dispose of.

Oct. 6. A letter from Sheldon.

> "DEAR HAWKEHURST,—There may be something very important behind that mysterious burial at Dewsdale. Go without delay to Spotswold; examine registers, tombstones, etc.; hunt up oldest inhabitant or inhabitants, from whom you may be able to discover whether any Haygarth or Haygarths ever lived there, and all that is known respecting such Haygarth or Haygarths. You have got a clew to *something*. Follow it up till it breaks off short, as such clews often do, or till you find it is only leading you on a wild-goose chase. The Dewsdale business is worth investigation. Mem.: how about descendants of lawyer Brice?
>
> "Yours truly, G. S.
>
> "G.'s INN, *Oct.* 5."

Before starting for Spotswold it was necessary for me to see Mr. Goodge. I found that gentleman in a pious and yet business-like frame of mind. He had taken counsel from the Scriptures, like the founder of his sect; but, I fancy, with rather less spiritual aspirations.

"The text upon which the lot fell was the 12th verse of the 9th chapter in the Book of Proverbs, 'If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself,'" he said, solemnly; "whereby I perceive that I shall not be justified in parting with that which you seek without fitting recompense. I ask you therefore, young man, what you are prepared to give."

The Rev. Jonah's tone could scarcely have been more lofty, or his manner more patronizing, if he had been Saul and I the humble David; but a man who is trying to earn three thousand pounds must put up with a great deal. Finding that the minister was prepared to play the huckster, I employed no further ceremony.

"The price must of course depend on the quality of the article you have to sell," I said; "I must know that before I can propose terms."

"Suppose my information took the form of letters?"

"Letters from whom—to whom?"

"From Mrs. Rebecca Haygarth to my great-uncle, Samson Goodge."

"How many of such letters have you to sell?"

I put it very plainly; but the Rev. Jonah's susceptibilities were not of the keenest order. He did not wince.

"Say forty odd letters."

I pricked up my ears; and it needed all my diplomacy to enable me to conceal my sense of triumph. Forty odd letters! There must be an enormous amount of information in forty odd letters; unless the woman wrote the direst twaddle ever penned by a feminine correspondent.

"Over what period do the dates of these letters extend?" I asked.

"Over about seven years; from 1769 to 1776."

Four years prior to the marriage with our friend Matthew; three years after the marriage.

"Are they tolerably long letters, or mere scrawls?"

"They were written in a period when nobody wrote short letters," answered Mr. Goodge, sententiously—"the period of Bath post and dear postage. The greater number of the epistles cover three sides of a sheet of letter-paper; and Mrs. Rebecca's caligraphy was small and neat."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "I suppose it is no use my asking you to let me see one of these letters before striking a bargain—eh, Mr. Goodge?"

"Well, I think not," answered the oily old hypocrite. "I have taken counsel, and I will abide by the light that has been shown me. 'If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself;' such are the words of inspiration. No, I think not."

"And what do you ask for the forty odd letters?"

"Twenty pounds."

"A stiff sum, Mr. Goodge, for forty sheets of old letter-paper!"

"But if they were not likely to be valuable, you would scarcely happen to want them," answered the minister. "I have taken counsel, young man."

"And those are your lowest terms?"

"I can not accept sixpence less. It is not in me to go from my word. As Jacob served Laban seven years, and again another seven years, having promised, so do I abide by my bond. Having said twenty pounds, young man, Heaven forbid that I should take so much as twenty pence less than those twenty pounds!"

The solemn unction with which he pronounced this twaddle is beyond description. The pretense of conscientious feeling which he contrived to infuse into his sordid bargain-driving might have done honor to Molière's Tartuffe. Seeing that he was determined to stick to his terms, I departed. I telegraphed to Sheldon for instructions as to whether I was to give Goodge the money he asked, and then went back to my inn, where I devoted myself for the next ten minutes to the study of a railway time-table, with a view to finding the best route to Spotswold.

After a close perusal of bewildering strings of proper names and dazzling columns of figures, I found a place called Black Harbor, "for Wisborough, Spotswold, and Chilton." A train left Ullerton for Black Harbor at six o'clock in the afternoon, and was due at the latter place at 8.40.

This gave me an interval of some hours in which I could do nothing, unless I received a telegram from Sheldon. The chance of a reply from him kept me a prisoner in the coffee-room of the Crown Inn, where I read almost every line in the local and London newspapers pending the arrival of the dispatch, which came at last.

"Tell Goodge he shall have the sum asked, and get the letters at once. Money by to-night's post."

This was Sheldon's message: sharp and short, and within the eighteen-penny limit. Acting upon this telegram I returned to the abode of Mr. Goodge, told him his terms were to be complied with, showed him the telegram at his request, and asked for the letters.

I ought to have known my reverend friend better than to imagine he would part with those ancient documents except for money upon the counter.

He smiled a smile which might have illuminated the visage of a Machiavelli.

"The letters have kept a long time, young man," he said, after having studied the telegram as closely as if it had been written in Punic; "and lo you, they are in nowise the worse for keeping: so they will keep yet longer. 'If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself.' You can come for the letters to-morrow, and bring the money with you. Say at 11 A.M."

I put on my hat and bade my friend good-day. I have often been tempted to throw things at people, and have withheld my hand; but I never felt Satan so strong upon me, as at that moment, and I very much fear that if I had had any thing in the way of a kitchen-poker or a carving-knife about me, I should have flung that missile at the patriarchal head of my saintly Jonah. As it was, I bade him good-day and returned to the Crown, where I took a hurried repast and started for the station, carrying a light carpet-bag with me, as I was not likely to return till the following night, at the earliest.

I arrived at the station ten minutes before the starting of the train, and had to endure ten minutes of that weariness called waiting. I exhausted the interest of all the advertisements on the station walls, found out how I could have my furniture removed with the utmost convenience—supposing myself to possess furniture; discovered where I ought to buy a dinner service, and the most agreeable kind of blind to screen my windows in sunny weather. I was still lingering over the description of this new invention in blinds, when a great bell set up a sudden clanging, and the down train from London came thundering into the station.

This was also the train for Black Harbor. There were a good many passengers going northward, a good many alighting at Ullerton; and in the hurry and confusion I had some difficulty in finding a place in a second-class carriage, the passengers therein blocking up the windows with that unamiable exclusiveness peculiar to railway travelers. I found a place at last, however; but in hurrying from carriage to carriage I was startled by an occurrence which I have since pondered very seriously.

I ran bolt against my respected friend and patron, Horatio Paget.

We had only time to recognize each other with exclamations of mutual surprise when the clanging bell rang again, and I was obliged to scuffle into my seat. A moment's delay would have caused me to be left behind. And to have remained behind would have been very awkward for me; as the Captain would undoubtedly have questioned me as to my business in Ullerton. Was I not supposed to be at Dorking, enjoying the hospitality of an aged aunt?

It would have been unlucky to lose that train.

But what "makes" the gallant Captain in Ullerton? That is a question which I deliberated as the train carried me toward Black Harbor.

Sheldon warned me of the necessity for secrecy, and I have been as secret as the grave. It is therefore next to an impossibility that Horatio Paget can have any idea of the business I am engaged in. He is the very man of all others to try and supersede me if he had an inkling of my plans; but I am convinced he can have no such inkling.

And yet the advertisement of the Haygarth property in the *Times* was as open to the notice of all the world as it was open to the notice of George Sheldon. What if my patron should have been struck by the same advertisement, and should have come to Ullerton on the same business?

It is possible, but it is not likely. When I left town the Captain was engaged in Philip Sheldon's affairs. He has no doubt come to Ullerton on Philip Sheldon's business. The town, which seems an abomination of desolation to a man who is accustomed to London and Paris, is nevertheless a commercial centre, and the stockbroker's schemes may involve the simple Ullertonians as well as the more experienced children of the metropolis.

Having thought the business out thus, I gave myself no further trouble about the unexpected appearance of my friend and benefactor.

At Black Harbor I found a coach which carried me to Spotswold, whither I traveled in a cramped and painful position as regards my legs, and with a pervading sensation which was like a determination of luggage to the brain, so close to my oppressed head was the heavily laden roof of the vehicle. It was pitch-dark when I and two fellow-passengers of agricultural aspect were turned out of the coach at Spotswold, which in the gloom of night appeared to consist of half a dozen houses shut in from the road by ghastly white palings, a grim, looming church, and a low-roofed inn with a feeble light glimmering athwart a red stuff curtain.

At this inn I was fain to take up my abode for the night, and was conducted to a little whitewashed bedchamber, draperied with scanty dimity and smelling of apples—the humblest, commonest cottage-chamber, but clean and decent, and with a certain countryfied aspect which was pleasing to me: I fancied myself the host of such an inn, with Charlotte for my wife; and it seemed to me that it would be nice to live in that remote and unknown village, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." I beguiled myself by such foolish fancies—I, who have been reared amidst the clamor and riot of the Strand!

Should I be happy with that dear girl if she were mine? Alas! I doubt it. A man who has led a disreputable life up to the age of seven-and-twenty is very likely to have lost all capacity for such pure and perfect happiness as that which good men find in the tranquil haven of a home.

Should I not hear the rattle of the billiard-balls, or the voice of the *croupier* calling the main, as I sat by my quiet fireside? Should I not yearn for the glitter and confusion of West End dancing-rooms, or the mad excitement of the ring, while my innocent young wife was sitting by my side and asking me to look at the blue eyes of my first-born?

No; Charlotte is not for me. There must be always the two classes—the sheep and the goats; and my lot has been cast among the goats.

And yet there are some people who laugh to scorn the doctrines of Calvin, and says there is no such thing as predestination.

Is there not predestination? Was not I predestined to be born in a jail and reared in a gutter, educated among swindlers and scoundrels, fed upon stolen victuals, and clad in garments never to be paid for? Did no Eumenides preside over the birth of Richard Savage, so set apart for misery that the laws of nature were reversed, and even his mother hated him? Did no dismal fatality follow the footsteps of Chatterton? Has no mysterious ban been laid upon the men who have been called Dukes of Buckingham?

What foolish lamentations am I scribbling in this diary, which is intended to be only the baldest record of events! It is so natural to mankind to complain, that, having no ear in which to utter his discontent, a man is fain to resort to pen and ink.

I devoted my evening to conversation with the landlord and his wife, but found that the name of Haygarth was as strange to them as if it had been taken from an inscription in the tomb of the Pharaohs. I inquired about the few inhabitants of the village, and ascertained that the oldest man in the place is the sexton, native-born, and supposed by mine host never to have traveled twenty miles from his birth-place. His name is Peter Drabbles. What extraordinary names that class of people contrive to have! My first business to-morrow morning will be to find my friend Drabbles—another ancient mariner, no doubt—and to examine the parish registers.

Oct. 7. A misty morning, and a perpetual drizzle—to say nothing of a damp, penetrating cold, which creeps through the thickest over-coat, and chills one to the bone. I do not think Spotswold can have much brightness or prettiness even on the fairest summer morning that ever beautified the earth. I know that, seen as I see it today, the place is the very archetype of all that is darksome, dull, desolate, dismal, and dreary. (How odd, by-the-way, that all that family of epithets should have the same initial!) A wide stretch of moorland lies around and about the little village, which crouches in a hollow, like some poor dejected animal that seeks to shelter itself from the bitter blast. On the edge of the moorland, and above the straggling cottages and the little inn, rises the massive square tower of an old church, so far out of proportion to the pitiful cluster of houses that I imagine it must be the remnant of some monastic settlement.

Toward this church I made my way, under the dispiriting drip, drip of the rain, and accompanied by a feeble old man, who is sexton, clerk, grave-digger, and any thing or every thing of an official nature.

We went into the church after my ancient mariner No. 2 had fumbled a good deal with a bunch of ghostly-looking keys. The door opened with a dismal scroop, and shut with an appalling bang. Grim and dark as the church is without, it is grimmer and darker within, and damp and vault-like, *à faire fremir*. There are all the mysterious cupboards and corners peculiar to such edifices; an organ-loft, from which weird noises issue at every opening or closing of a door; a vaulted roof which echoes one's footsteps with a moan, as of some outraged spirit hovering in empty space, and ejaculating piteously, "Another impious intruder after the sacramental plate! another plebeian sole trampling on the brasses of the De Montacutes, lords of the manor!"

The vestry is, if any thing, more ghostly than the general run of vestries; but the business mind is compelled to waive all considerations of a supernatural character. For the moment there flashed across my brain the shadows of all the Christmas stories I had ever read or heard concerning vestries; the phantom bridal, in which the bride's beautiful white hand changed to the bony fingers of a skeleton as she signed the register; the unearthly christening, in which all at once, after the ceremony having been conducted with the utmost respectability, to the edification of the unauthorized intruder hiding behind a pillar, the godfathers and godmothers, nurse and baby, priest and clerk, became in a moment dilapidated corpses; whereon the appalled intruder fell prone at the foot of his pillar, there to be discovered the next morning by his friends and the public generally, with his hair blanched to an awful whiteness, or his noble intellect degraded to idiocy.

For a moment the memory of about a hundred Christmas stories was too much for me—so weird of aspect, and earthy of atmosphere, was the vestry at Spotswold. And then, "being gone" the shadows of the Christmas stories, I was a man and a lawyer's clerk again, and set myself assiduously to search the registers and interrogate my ancient.

I found that individual a creature of mental fogginess compared with whom my oldest inhabitant of Ullerton would have been a Pitt, Earl of Chatham. But I questioned and cross-questioned him until I had in a manner turned his poor old wits the seamy side without, and had discovered, first, that he had never known any one called Haygarth in the whole course of those seventy-five years' vegetation which politeness compelled me to speak of as his "life;" secondly, that he had never known any one who knew a Haygarth; thirdly, that he was intimately acquainted with every creature in the village, and that he knew that no one of the inhabitants could give me the smallest shred of such information as I required.

Having extorted so much as this from my ancient with unutterable expenditure of time and trouble, I next set to work upon the registers.

If the ink manufactured in the present century is of no more durable nature than that abominable fluid employed in the penmanship of a hundred years ago, I profoundly pity the generations that are to come after us. The registers of Spotswold might puzzle a Bunsen. However, bearing in mind the incontrovertible fact that three thousand pounds is a very agreeable sum of money, I stuck to my work for upward of two hours, and obtained as a result the following entries:

1. Matthew Haygarthe, aged foure yeares, berrid in this churche-yarde, over against ye tombe off M^{rs}. Marttha Stileman, a bout 10 fete fromm ye olde yue tre. Febevarie 6th, 1753.
2. Mary Haygarthe, aged twentie sevene yeers, berrid under ye yue tree, Nov. 21, 1754.

After copying these two entries, I went out into the church-yard to look for Mary Haygarth's grave.

Under a fine old yew—which had been old a hundred years ago, it seems—I found huddled among other head-stones one so incrusted with moss, that it was only after scraping the parasite verdure from the stone with my pen-knife that I was able to discover the letters that had been cut upon it.

I found at last a brief inscription:

Here lieth ye body of
Mary Haygarth, aged 27. Born 1727. Died 1754.
This stone has been set up by one
who sorroweth without hope of consolation.

A strange epitaph; no scrap of Latin, no text from Scripture, no conventional testimony to the virtues and accomplishments of the departed, no word to tell whether the dead woman had been maid, wife, or widow. It was the most provoking inscription for a lawyer or a genealogist, but such as might have pleased a poet.

I fancy this Miss Haygarth must have been some quiet creature, with very few friends to sorrow for her loss. Perhaps only that one person who sorrowed without hope of consolation.

Such a tombstone might have been set above the grave of that simple maid who dwelt "beside the banks of Dove."

This is the uttermost that my patience or ingenuity can do for me at Spotswold. I have exhausted every possibility of obtaining further information. So, having written and posted my report to Sheldon, I have no more to do but to return to Ullerton. I take back with me nothing but the copy of the two entries in the register of burials. Who this Matthew Haygarth or this Mary Haygarth was, and how related to *the* Matthew, is an enigma not to be solved at Spotswold.

Here the story of the Haygarths ends with the grave under the yew-tree.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

When spring breezes begin to blow more softly—when warmer suns and gentler showers than winter gives have stirred the hidden life of tree and shrub and flower—when birds and blossoms, and all beautiful things, are radiant in their freshness—then, indeed, Nature is in her brightest, lightest, gayest mood. And she has a right to expect that men and women will sympathize with her buoyant spirits. But in the balmy spring-time quite a fraction of humanity present an odd contrast to Nature. They are dull and listless. They look at the birds, and the flowers, and the soft sunshine on the grass, without exciting a single emotion in themselves more cheerful than can be expressed by a weary sigh. You feelingly inquire what is the matter, and receive the lucid explanation that they feel "*rather springy!*" Strange misuse of terms! Further investigation reveals the fact that they are correcting this peculiar disorder, which is an annual visitor about this time, by alternate doses of Dr. Cure-all's celebrated Iron Pills, and the world-renowned Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Mingled Barks. Now undoubtedly there is a physical reason for the fall in our internal thermometer, when mercury is on the rise without—and physical remedies should be applied. Perhaps the pills and elixir are needed. But better than tonics and bitters—better than drugs and doctors, is plenty of fresh air and a cheerful temper! But you don't *feel* cheerful? Then try the experiment of *pretending* that you do! Don't go through the world with a face half a yard long! Look around for the sunshine. Forget yourself, and see what you can do for others. Frolic with the children—it will delight them and do you good. A certain amount of fun in the family is a grand thing—not only healthful for mind and body, but a genuine safeguard to the young folks, who actually require an atmosphere of cheerfulness and merriment. And if they do not find at home some sympathetic participation in their natural longing for fun they will, most likely, seek for it elsewhere, and in undesirable places. Somebody says,

> "A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the best of men."

And although it would be gross folly to make life nothing but Champagne and syllabub, he has found the true philosopher's stone who is habitually cheerful. One such person in the family, in the shop, in the office, or any where else, will frighten away a whole army of dismal blue spirits, such as are hovering around in the spring-time hunting for lodgings.

Those five officers to whom for a few years past has been assigned the special duty of looking after truant children in this city have evidently had enough to do to keep them from suffering with "the Blues." These officers are required to visit all the public schools, and obtain and report the names and residences of absentees. During one single year 5235 children were reported as absentees. The officers visited all these, excepting about 400, whose residences could not be found. By investigation it was shown that 2091 of these had been withdrawn from school, transferred to other schools, or detained at home for various causes. Of the remaining 3144, 1928 were reformed so as to attend school regularly, 410 were taken back to school; and 180 were committed to the Juvenile Asylum. There were also recovered and restored to the schools 214 sets of books.

A horrible instance of cruelty to a young girl has recently come to light. We wish for the reputation of Christendom that it had occurred in Hindostan; but it was in Pleasantville, not far from Hackensack. A girl of thirteen was taken from an asylum for orphans and destitute children in this city, nearly a year ago, to do housework in a certain Mr. Vanderbilt's family. Here, from time to time, she has been beaten in the most fearful manner, and kept under lock and key, so that she could not reveal her situation to any one. Providentially she escaped from her tormentors; but, though under medical treatment, her condition is almost hopeless in consequence of the injuries she has received. She was handsome and interesting, and bore an excellent character in the asylum, where she had been for eight years. It is to be hoped that the full penalty of the law will be visited upon those who have shown such barbarity.

The Chicago *Tribune* gives an account of a still more fearful case of a similar nature. A fiend in human shape, living in that city, beat to death his only child—a girl of ten years—a short time ago. The wretch has fled.

The following incident illustrates the present condition of Boston—in *one* respect:

Not long ago two Cincinnati merchants, who have bought goods in Boston for years, entered one of the wholesale houses on Devonshire Street, and ordered a lot of goods amounting to over a hundred thousand dollars. When the business had been accomplished they suggested to one of the firm the propriety of going out and taking a glass of ale. All hands assenting, they started, and after entering half a dozen places and walking over half a mile they were compelled to return to the store as thirsty as before. The Western men, as may be imagined, were full of wrath. The result was that they countermanded a portion of their order, accepting only such goods as they would find difficulty in purchasing elsewhere, and departed, vowing in terms more forcible than elegant that they "had spent their last dollar in fanatical, God-forsaken Massachusetts."

Quite a contrast this to those old times (some twenty years ago) when, during a competition between a railroad and stage line running out of Boston, passengers were carried free, and also were furnished with a bottle of wine at "The Half-Way House."

The hotel-keepers of Paris appear to have come to an understanding in regard to raising their prices during the Exposition. They have already given notice to lodgers. A family occupying two small bedrooms and one sitting-room in a good and known hotel have been told that they must pay £6 per day instead of £2 10s. A 6-francs-per-day bedroom is now, in some hotels, charged 15 francs. They are demanding something like three times the usual charges, and most hotel-keepers will not be bound down to any fixed charges for any length of time. The *tables-d'hôte* of 5 francs and 6 francs are to be raised to 8 francs and 10 francs generally, and some landlords pretend that their lodgers must pay for dinner whether they dine at home or away. It is not probable that all the proprietors of hotels in that wide city are going to squeeze travelers' purses dry, but the majority undoubtedly will. The chance of making money is too good for the Parisians to lose.

Bonnets made from the skin of the cobra di capello, and ladies' muffs made of vulture down, are among the articles sent from the Cape of Good Hope to the Paris Exhibition.

The following amusing anecdote, illustrating the difficulty which the French find in mastering a foreign language, comes from Paris:

"A young married lady, wedded to a German or a Dutchman, was making purchases in the Chaussée d'Antin. At length she desired the things purchased might be sent to her address. 'And your name, ma'am?' 'Really, Sir, I am not acquainted with my name; I was the Princess Tremouille, and I have married the Baron—Tenter—Tenter—if you will call my servant, who is at the door, I think he knows.'"

A new chemical toy, of Chinese origin, has made its appearance in the shape of "ferns growing out of burning paper." This is a neat little experiment, free from many of the disadvantages appertaining to so many toys of this nature, which may prove too inviting to children's tastes. The instructions direct us to crimp or fold the yellow papers so that when opened they may be supported upright in a zigzag form. One of these slips is then placed upright on a plate, and ignited in two or three places along the upper edge, but without being allowed to blaze. It will burn slowly down with a red glow, diffusing an agreeable perfume, while the ash of the paper assumes the most fantastic arborescent shapes, together with a green color, which, to a lively imagination, may be suggestive of the growth of ferns or lichens.

"*What is a woman?*" is the puzzling question which a literary paper in Paris proposed for discussion a while ago. An ingenious correspondent sent to the editor the following answer: "A woman is a small article of luxurious furniture, which ought not to make the journey of life without a label inscribed 'Very fragile.'" Would the world-renowned "fat woman," long an inmate of Barnum's Museum, belong to that genus?

The following brief novel will be read with breathless interest. Every one must feel the deepest sympathy for the unfortunate heroine who was thus basely deceived:

THE LOVE OF GOLD.

A Story of Fashionable Crime.

CHAPTER I.—The Evil Counselor.

It was in an evil moment that she listened to his suggestions. Alas! she was scarcely mistress of her actions when his evil counsels prevailed.

She sat alone in her quiet boudoir. Her hands were clasped in agony as she rocked to and fro, murmuring to herself:

"Gold! gold! Oh yes, it must be gold!"

The next day she left her home.

CHAPTER II.—A Picture of Home.

They had been very, very happy, she and her Algernon, the husband of her choice. Three darling children had blessed their union, and they had a villa at Bayswater.

Every night when he returned from the Money Market he drew her toward him, and she leaned on his shoulder until her raven tresses mingled with the tawny beard that flowed over his manly bosom and the intervening white waistcoat.

But that might never, never be again!

CHAPTER III.—A Sad Change.

She flew homeward with a guilty conscience! The domestic who opened the door started, uttering a smothered "Oh my!" She heeded not. She flew up stairs to the nursery, and clasped her children to her palpitating bosom.

The little creatures struggled to get away from her. The baby went into convulsions. They did not recognize their mother. Wringing her hands wildly she fled down stairs. Algernon had just returned. She met him in the passage, trembling, half fainting. He looked at her coldly and passed on.

She tumbled down flat on the door-mat!

Alas! her evil counselor, the hair-dresser, had prevailed on her to have her hair bleached to the fashionable yellow, and not even her own family could recognize her.

The following bit of information, clipped from an English paper, is worth remembering; and builders would do well to make a practical use of it:

"In building a chimney put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the intercourses of bricks are to be laid. The effect will be that there will never be any accumulation of soot in that chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in the portion of mortar which is exposed absorbs moisture every damp day. The soot thus becoming damp falls down the fire-place."

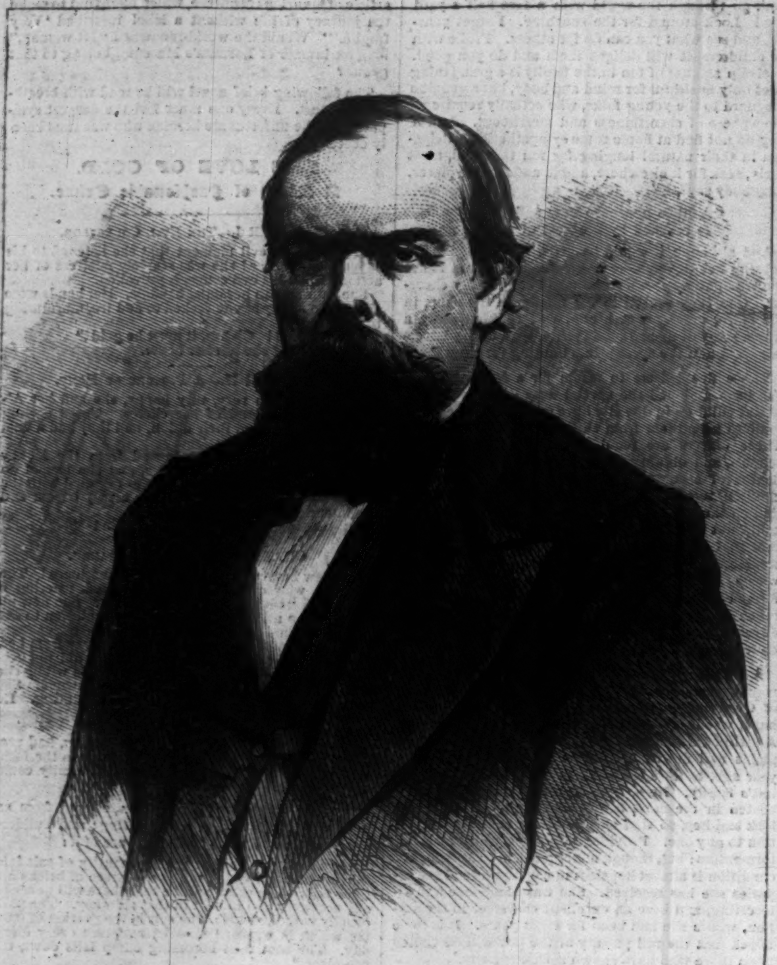
A capital story is told of Sir Frederick Pollock, the late Lord Chief Baron of the English bench. It should be premised that Sir Frederick was the oldest judge who ever sat on the English bench, having discharged his judicial duties with efficiency until after he was eighty-two years old. He was somewhat proud of his age, or rather of his perfect possession of his mental powers at such an age. When he was pressed to resign, he proudly said, "Find me a man whom Westminster Hall will deem my equal, old as I am, and I'll resign to-morrow." A certain person who had private reasons for wishing him to resign waited on him, and suggested it, for his own sake, entirely with a view to the prolongation of his valued life, and so forth. The old man rose, and said with his grim, dry gravity, "Will you dance with me?" The guest stood aghast, as the Lord Chief Baron, who prided himself particularly upon his legs, began to caper about with a certain youth-like vivacity. Seeing his visitor standing surprised, he capered up to him, and said, "Well, if you won't dance with me, will you box with me?" And with that he squared up to him; and half in jest, and half in earnest, fairly boxed him out of the room. The old Chief Baron had no more visitors anxiously inquiring after his health, and courteously suggesting retirement.

A French physician has composed a liquid which he calls "gazeol," and which is said to produce remarkable and certain cures in cases of whooping-cough. A tea-spoonful of it is placed in an open vial, which is put into a water-bath always kept at the same temperature. Children suffering from whooping-cough are taken into the room, and are cured by inhaling the emanations from the gazeol as it mixes with the air of the room. It evaporates very rapidly. The remedy is said to have been used with complete success in the Orphan Asylum at Paris.

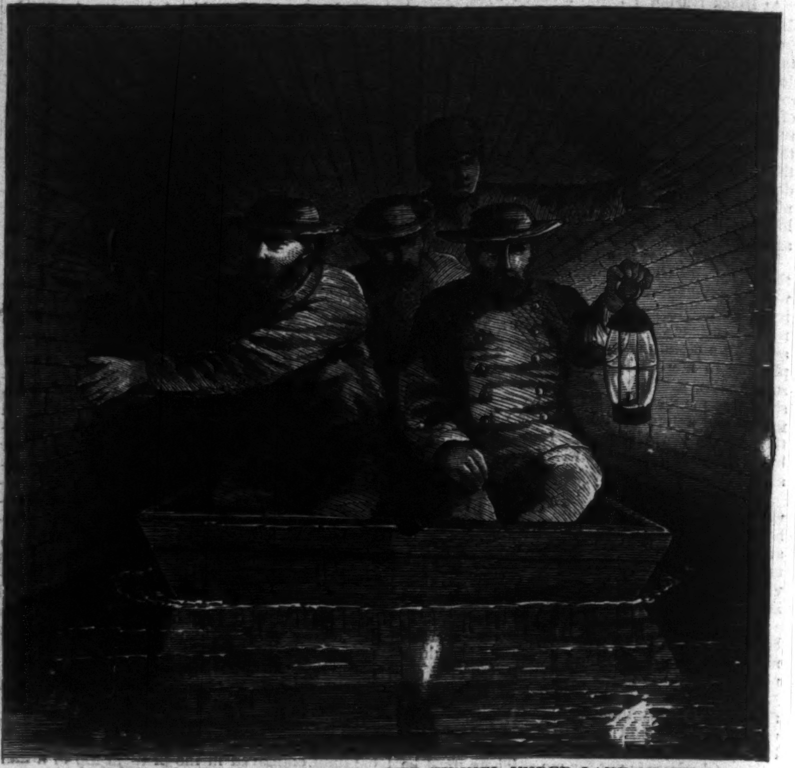
CHICAGO WATER-WORKS.

On Saturday, March 23, the famous Lake Tunnel for supplying the city of Chicago with pure Lake Michigan water was thrown open, and the undertaking, once ridiculed as an impracticable project, is already pronounced a magnificent success, and has established the reputation of its projector, E. S. Chesbrough, as one of the first engineers of the country. Chicago has been hitherto supplied with water drawn from a point about one mile north of where the Chicago River empties into Lake Michigan. The sewers of the city discharged themselves into the river, and consequently the refuse of the city found its way to the water-works, and was redistributed through the pipes, causing much inconvenience and ill-health. This became such an intolerable evil that it was resolved to secure pure water by other means, and Mr. Chesbrough, the City Engineer, projected the plan, which has just proved successful, for obtaining the water at a point in the lake two miles from the shore, and of conveying it through a tunnel to the city.

In October, 1863, the contract was let to Messrs. Dull & Gowan, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the price being $315,137. The work was to be completed in two years, but the term was subsequently extended. Ground was broken on the 17th of March, 1864. A shaft was sunk, in the shape of a well, to the depth of 69 feet. The tunnel was then commenced. The tunnel, when bricked up, was five feet in width, and five feet two inches in height; the top and bottom arches being semicircles. Two miners worked at the excavation, and the brick work, eight inches thick, followed. The tunnel was



HON. OLIVER P. MORTON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA
Photographed by Brady, New York.—[See Page 254.]



CHICAGO WATER-WORKS—EXPLORING THE TUNNEL UNDER LAKE MICHIGAN.

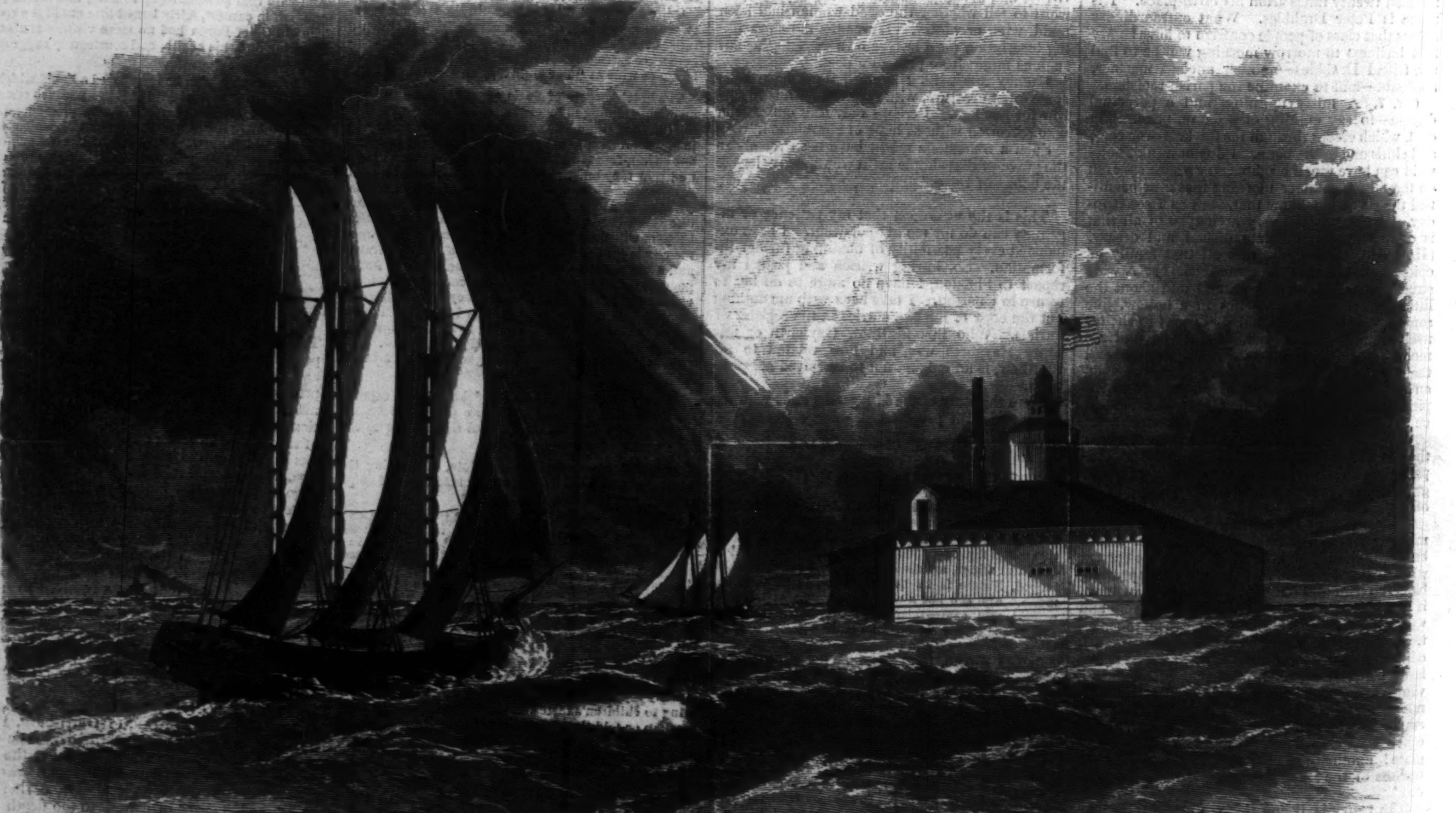
to have a slope from the lake terminus of two feet to the mile. As the work progressed, rails were laid for the cars containing the excavations, and finally two small mules were introduced to pull these cars to and from the shaft. At intervals of one thousand feet turn-outs were made for the convenience of mixing cement, etc. In this way the work progressed from the shore end.

In July, 1865, the "crib" destined for the lake terminus of the tunnel was launched and towed to its place. It is of monster construction, composed of huge timbers and iron. It is 40 feet high and 98 in diameter. It has three walls, making as many separate structures, one within the other. When finished it had fifteen water-tight compartments. In the centre was the well through which the shaft was to be sunk. When the destination was reached, the gates were opened, and the huge structure settled gracefully upon the bottom of the lake, in a depth of 30 feet of water. It was then firmly anchored and secured. It has since been covered, a fog-bell and light mounted upon it, and its appearance is faithfully shown in our picture, for which we are indebted to Messrs. Jeyne and Almini, Clark Street, Chicago, publishers of a serial called "Chicago Illustrated."

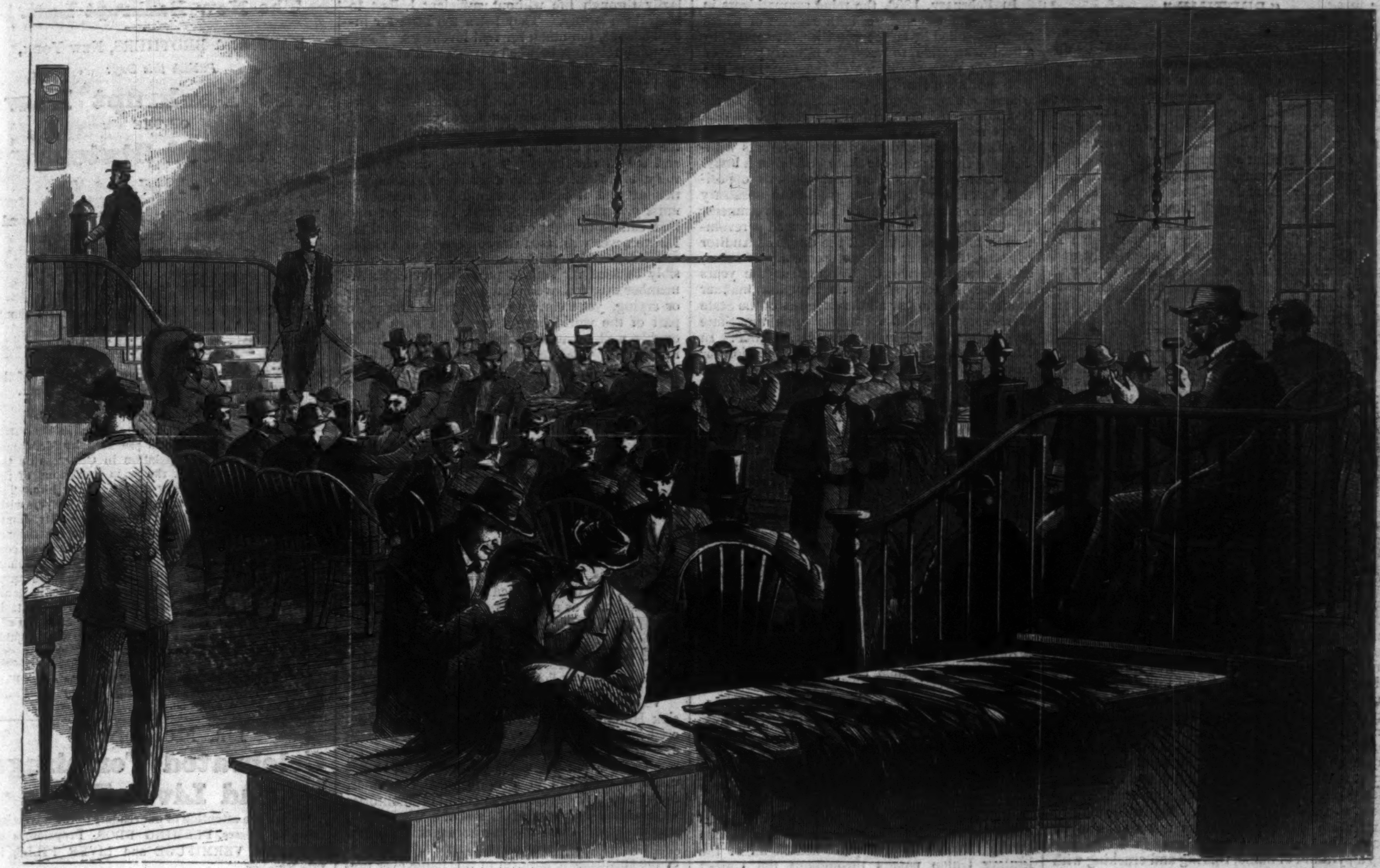
An iron cylinder was then sunk for the lake shaft; it being forced to a depth of 27 feet into the hard, blue clay. On the 1st of January, 1866, the work of tunneling from the crib commenced. At that time the tunnel from the shore had been extended 4815 feet. The work then progressed steadily from both ends, and on the 25th of November, 1866, there was but a thin wall of two feet of clay separating the workmen. On December 6 the last stone was laid, with appropriate honors, by Mayor Rice.

A new pumping engine, capable of pumping eighteen millions of gallons of water per day, has been purchased at a cost of $112,350.

Just before the water was let into the tunnel a final tour was made by Mr. Chesbrough and three newspaper reporters of Chicago. Our engraving will give the reader an idea of the manner in which the greater part of this pilgrimage was made. After reaching the "crib" out in the lake, an uncomfortable descent of 60 feet took the inquisitive explorers to the horizontal shaft, where they found a leaky flat-bottomed boat awaiting them. The only means of propelling the vessel was by pushing against the walls; and this was a very unsteady process, fraught with danger to the boat and her little crew. The water at the crib end was exactly half-way up the sides of the bore, gradually deepening, of course, as they approached the shore. For a time it was comparatively plain sailing, and they soon reached the closing-stone, a white marble tablet, suitably inscribed, and placed, as before stated, by the Mayor of Chicago. Here one of the crew attempted to write his name, and in doing so nearly filled the boat with water by tipping it, and extinguished some of the lights. The crew, however, decided to go forward, and actually penetrated so far that the boat became wedged in between the gradually deepening water and the roof of the tunnel. They were at this time a mile and a half from the mouth. The return to the "crib" then began. The voyagers had not proceeded more than half a mile when the boat, previously half full of water, gave a sudden lurch and went down, leaving the four devoted passengers up to their arm-pits in cold water. They were compelled to walk through the water, which nearly benumbed them, dragging the boat after them, and on reaching the mouth of the tunnel had to ascend the shaft to the crib by a ladder 60 feet high. When they had succeeded in this dangerous undertaking the flood-gates of the "crib" were reopened, and the waters went down with a roar like that of an infant Niagara.



CHICAGO WATER-WORKS—THE "CRIB" IN THE LAKE.

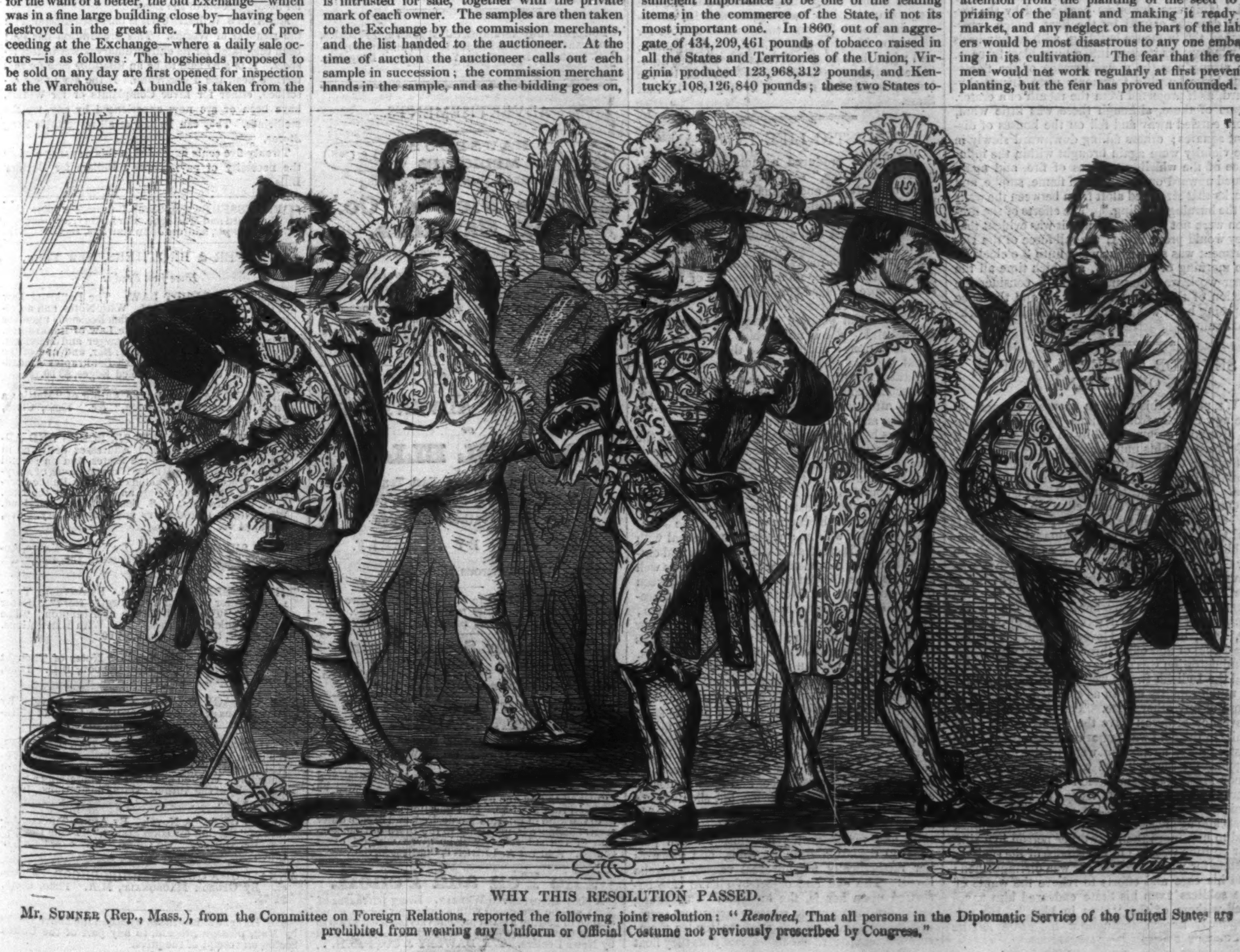


TOBACCO EXCHANGE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by W. L. Sheppard.]

TOBACCO EXCHANGE, RICHMOND.

We present on this page a view of the interior of the Tobacco Exchange, corner of Cary and Virginia streets, Richmond. The building represented by our artist is the one at present in use for the want of a better, the old Exchange—which was in a fine large building close by—having been destroyed in the great fire. The mode of proceeding at the Exchange—where a daily sale occurs—is as follows: The hogsheads proposed to be sold on any day are first opened for inspection at the Warehouse. A bundle is taken from the centre of each hogshead as a sample, and a small label is attached to it, containing the initials of the owner of the tobacco, also a mark by the inspector, to indicate that it has been inspected. A list is then made out, containing the name of each commission merchant to whom the tobacco is intrusted for sale, together with the private mark of each owner. The samples are then taken to the Exchange by the commission merchants, and the list handed to the auctioneer. At the time of auction the auctioneer calls out each sample in succession; the commission merchant hands in the sample, and as the bidding goes on, it is passed from hand to hand for examination. At the conclusion the buyer takes the sample, and the next on the list is called.

Although the growth and sale of this staple in Virginia is just now but a mere mockery of what it was at the outbreak of the war, it is still of sufficient importance to be one of the leading items in the commerce of the State, if not its most important one. In 1860, out of an aggregate of 434,209,461 pounds of tobacco raised in all the States and Territories of the Union, Virginia produced 123,968,312 pounds, and Kentucky 108,126,840 pounds; these two States together producing more than half of the tobacco raised in all the States and Territories put together. During the war all the counties producing tobacco were entirely given over to corn by order of the rebel Government. Tobacco is a delicate plant, requiring the utmost care and attention from the planting of the seed to the prizing of the plant and making it ready for market, and any neglect on the part of the laborers would be most disastrous to any one embarking in its cultivation. The fear that the freedmen would not work regularly at first prevented planting, but the fear has proved unfounded.



WHY THIS RESOLUTION PASSED.

Mr. Sumner (Rep., Mass.), from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported the following joint resolution: "*Resolved*, That all persons in the Diplomatic Service of the United States are prohibited from wearing any Uniform or Official Costume not previously prescribed by Congress."

"BEDTIME."

The water-color drawing, by Mr. John Burr, which we have engraved, is distinguished by an unaffectedness and simplicity of treatment very rare in works dealing with a similar order of subjects. For the rest we must leave the drawing to make (through our engraving) its own appeal for sympathy with the lowly, and to our sacred memories of childhood, to tell its own modest tale of a mother's holy love and filial duty; of the purest associations of home and religion; of the "daily remembered acts of kindness and of love," which yet, happily, make up so much of the round of human life. Happily the incident which forms the subject of the sketch is common enough. How many of our great and good have traced all that they have done and attained to the habit of prayer taught at "bedtime" by a mother's loving piety!

THE LINDELL HOTEL FIRE.

We present on page 244 a picture of the burning of the Lindell Hotel at St. Louis, Missouri, on March 30. The Lindell is admitted to have been the largest building for purposes of accommodation ever erected in America. It was six stories high exclusive of attic and basement; and was divided into five hundred and thirty rooms, the largest of which was 116 by 44 feet.

The actual cost of the building was $950,000, which, with the ground (valued at $326,400), makes the whole value $1,276,400—not to speak of furniture, $500,000 worth of which was imported. There were about 400 guests in the building at the time of the fire, none of whom were injured.

The fire began about half past 8 P.M. in one of the attic chambers. The elaborate system of hose connections in the hotel was not brought into use; consequently the flames spread on all sides with great fierceness and rapidity. A little before 10 o'clock they had seized upon the cupola in the centre of the roof, and completely enveloping the sides, made it resemble a twisted column of fire. The conflagration at the moment seized upon by our artist for its portrayal presented a most unusual appearance. From the sixth story downward the hotel presented its ordinary aspect, the lights were still burning in the rooms, and there was neither flame nor smoke to be seen. But from the broad plane of the roof rose up a pyramid of flame, roaring and cracking with irresistible force and fury.

The account from which we gather some of these particulars says: "It is impossible to convey to a person who did not witness the conflagration an adequate idea of the scene as the fire reached its height—within the broad spaces between the outer walls the flames roared like a storm. So astonishing was their fierceness that it seemed as if they were burning from a sea of oil. This was doubtless occasioned by the terrific draught caused by the heat, which transformed the immense building, with its hundreds of windows, as it were, into a huge blast furnace. So strong was the upward sweep of the flames that large burning fragments were driven skyward, as if projected from the mouth of a crater. Some of these, although there was little wind, were carried away and fell on the houses of distant squares; others falling downward slowly in the vicinity were again brought within the influence of the whirling vortices of fire, and again tossed upward on the sheets of flame, smoke, and sparks that streamed aloft from between the walls of the burning building." The efforts of the firemen were not relaxed, though it was evident that they would prove futile; the full force of the Department was steadily at work until 3 o'clock on the morning of March 31, at which time all the inner work was consumed, and a considerable portion of the walls had fallen in, and the once imposing hotel was a mass of crumbling, blackened ruins.

SENATOR OLIVER P. MORTON, OF INDIANA.

We present this week an accurate likeness of the new Senator from Indiana, Governor Oliver P. Morton, accompanied by an accurate though brief record of his public career.

Senator O. P. Morton was born in Wayne County, Indiana, in 1823, and is now 43 years of age. He was educated at the Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, and admitted to the bar in 1847. In 1852 he was elected Judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit; in 1856 was nominated by the Republican party by acclamation as its candidate for Governor, and after an extensive canvass, was beaten by a small majority, his opponent being the late Governor A. P. Willard. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1860. On the resignation of Governor Henry S. Lane, January 10, 1861, he became Governor, and performed the duties of that office throughout the war. His administration was distinguished for great vigor; and the Indiana troops were put in the field with as much rapidity and in as effective condition as those of any other State. The great care which Governor Morton gave the troops of his State while in the field was remarked at the time. The first sanitary agent that went to the army with supplies for the sick and wounded carried Governor Morton's commission in his pocket, and started with the Indiana troops to Western Virginia in April, 1861. He established sanitary posts and agencies in connection with the armies, and to him more than any other person in a similar position was due the existence of the sanitary system for which the late war was distinguished; and his care and efforts to relieve the wants of the soldiers from his State endeared him to all well-wishers of the "boys in blue." He was popularly known throughout his State as the "Soldier's Friend."

In February, 1863, the rebel sympathizers in the Indiana Legislature, both Houses of which they controlled by large majorities, attempted, by a bold usurpation, to wrest the military power of the State from the hands of the Governor and bestow it upon four other State officers, three of whom were members of the treasonable organization known as the "Sons of Liberty." This desperate measure was only defeated by breaking up the Legislature, and the Union members withdrawing from it and the State Capital in a body. The Governor was thus left without opposition, but also without money and the necessary means of carrying forward the State Government. In this dilemma he boldly inaugurated a revolution by taking upon himself the duties of Auditor of State, Treasurer of State, Secretary of State, and Attorney-General. Throughout the years 1863–64 he borrowed in an irregular manner money enough to pay all the expenses of the State Government, and the interest upon the State debt in New York—in all, about $1,700,000. In 1864 he was again nominated by acclamation for Governor, and made a memorable campaign in joint discussion with his competitor, the Hon. Joseph E. M'Donald. Mr. Lincoln, after reading the report of their first joint discussion, declared "that it settled the question of the success of the Union party in the Northwest, and secured to the Union the only doubtful State in the North." Governor Morton was re-elected in October of that year by more than 20,000 majority; and the Legislature which assembled in January following, after a thorough examination of all his financial operations and without excepting to his disbursement of a single dollar, adopted his vouchers, ordered them to be transferred to the office of the Auditor of State, and paid off the borrowed money.

Mr. Lincoln, not long before his death, declared "that of all the loyal governors Governor Morton had displayed the most vigor and ability, and had assumed the gravest responsibilities."

In the fall of 1865 he was stricken with paralysis, and went to Europe for his health, and returned in March, 1866, but little if any improved. In April he resumed the performance of his official duties at Indianapolis. In June he opened the political campaign for the Northwest in a speech delivered at Masonic Hall at Indianapolis. This speech exercised a wonderful influence in uniting and arousing to action the friends of the Union. It was published in all of the leading Union papers throughout the United States, and more than a million copies were published in pamphlet form and distributed as a campaign document. Its terrible arraignment of the Democratic party put the members of that party every where on the defensive, and excited, as all truths do, the most bitter indignation, which was vented upon the head of the Governor in the vilest personal abuse.

The Union members elected to the Indiana Legislature in 1866 were almost without exception instructed by their constituents to vote for Governor Morton for United States Senator; and when the Legislature assembled he was nominated without opposition, and elected by the largest legislative majority ever given in that State.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN JAPAN.

"Nothing produced a more agreeable impression upon me," says Dr. H. Maron in his work upon Japan and China, "than the amicable relations prevailing in the family circle. In the smallest hut, as in the more opulent houses, a sincere interest and affection is manifested by the inmates toward each other, which, while it is entirely free from mawkish sensibility, is accompanied with a politeness and equality of manner that in more civilized countries is the result only of the highest cultivation.

"The social position of woman is primitive and natural. She is not a slave as among most Asiatic nations; neither is she the spoiled, pampered goddess whom we worship with such exaggerated devotion; she is the friend and adviser of her husband, from whom she invariably receives attention and respect, the sharer in his pursuits, and, while she is always protected from rudeness by the sacredness of custom, should she be ever attacked by insult from without, she is sure of being promptly and chivalrously defended. But her domain is limited to the superintendence of the household and the education of her children. The sterner calls of business and authority are answered by the man alone. The Japanese treats his wife as a useful being, equal with himself, who is created for the happiness and embellishment of his existence; and the law as well as custom has decided that the relations between them can never be reversed. There are therefore neither Xantippes nor goddesses in Japan; neither romantic dames who pine for love, nor strong-minded women; the young are careless and merry, the matrons sensible and industrious. The Japanese maiden is perfectly aware of the fate that awaits her as regards marriage, and is indifferent as to the choice between Paul and Peter. The house of the former is just as good as that of the latter, for in Japan all are alike; and in each are seen the same mats, paper door, portable hearth, food and clothing; in each prevail the same duties and rights. Her heart no doubt speaks its preference, and feels as deeply as that of her European sister, but she does not weakly sink into the despair of nameless grief if her wishes be frustrated. Her education has a solid and unchangeable foundation which permits no deviation from its rules, and prepares her methodically for her real vocation—to be loved. The end and object of all the care bestowed upon her is, the husband. Our young ladies are too proud to educate themselves merely for domestic life, too weak to render themselves competent to live alone, and thus they float lazily through life without sufficient ballast to keep them steady. They learn too little for independence, too much for real loveliness.

"The relations between parents and children, and the rational manner in which the latter are brought up, are not the least admirable features of Japanese domestic life. The rules which govern the system of education are directly opposed to the laws governing the state, which impose the penalty of death for every infraction of blind and stupid obedience. The child, on the contrary, is treated with the most inexhaustible patience; and if persuasion and kind reasoning must give place to punishment, the mildest one that can be thought of is ever that resorted to. I have never witnessed the correction of a child, nor discovered any instrument which could possibly be used for such a purpose, nor can I remember ever to have heard a little voice sobbing or crying, yet I can assert with truth that in no part of the world have I met with such thoroughly well-behaved, amiable children as those in Japan."

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS IN CHINA.

The *Moniteur* announces that a Chinese translation of Wheaton's book upon International Law, which had been recommended to Prince Kung by the American Embassador as the most reliable source from whence to become acquainted with the opinions in Europe upon that subject, had appeared in Pekin at the cost and under the supervision of the Government. The translator is the American missionary Martin, to whom four distinguished scholars of that place were assigned as assistants.

HOW VAN DIEMEN'S LAND RECEIVED ITS NAME.

Van Diemen's Land owes its name to a lovesick Hollander, Abel Tasman, who first discovered the island, and who was so captivated by the attractions of one of his countrywomen that, instead of cutting her name on every tree, he has made it immortal in a more worthy manner. Many newly discovered islands and promontories were called by parts of it, and the whole of it was bestowed upon the northern point of New Zealand—"Cape Maria Van Diemen." Whether the enthusiastic admirer of this name ever prevailed upon its fair owner to exchange it for his own is, alas! not known.

"Deservedly popular"—Burnett's Cocoaine for the Hair, and Florimel for the Handkerchief: a combination of rare and delicate odors. —*Cincinnati Commercial.*

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

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4	lbs. Young Hyson	N. Hossford	at $1 25	$5 00
4	lbs. " "	C. H. Lucke	at 1 25	5 00
4	lbs. " "	A. Freeman	at 1 25	5 00
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4	lbs. " "	D. Parker	at 1 25	5 00
10	lbs. " "	J. Abbot	at 1 10	11 00
2	lbs. " "	W. D. Richard	at 1 25	2 50
1	lb. " "	C. S. Swain	at 1 25	1 25
1	lb. " "	G. Hossie	at 1 25	1 25
1	lb. " "	G. Taylor	at 1 25	1 25
10	lbs. Imperial	J. Hunter	at 1 25	12 50
4	lbs. "	C. H. Lucke	at 1 25	5 00
2	lbs. "	F. Boman	at 1 25	2 50
	Carried up			$62 25

	Brought up			$62 25
2	lbs. Imperial	T. Herriman	at 1 25	2 50
1	lb. "	C. S. Swain	at 1 25	1 25
2	lbs. Oolong	L. Wells	at 1 00	2 00
2	lbs. Mixed	J. C. Brown	at 1 00	2 00
2	lbs. Japan	J. G. Hotchkiss	at 1 25	2 50
5	lbs. "	J. Hunter	at 1 25	6 25
2	lbs. "	W. D. Richard	at 1 25	2 50
2	lbs. "	T. G. Hotchkiss	at 1 00	2 00
1	lb. Gunpowder	J. Reed	at 1 50	1 50
8½	lbs. Rio Coffee	L. Wells	at 35	3 00
14½	lbs. "	J. Reed	at 35	5 00
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	Total			$94 50

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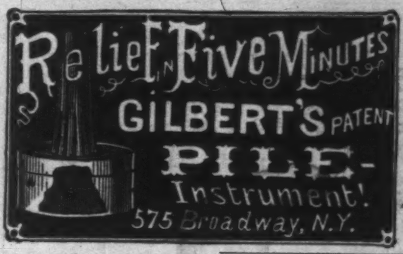

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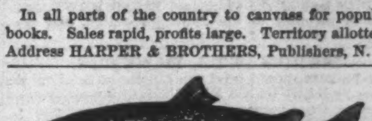

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